UPSALA COLLEGE LIBRARY
East Orange, NJ 07019
PERIODICALS
ART ACQUISITIONS
UPSALA COLLEGE LIBRARY
EAST ORANGE NJ
TN USA3
C1491 01
APR 1989
FEB 1989

April 24, 1989 $2.25 U.S./$2.25 Canada

A SPECIAL REPORT

The Armenian Journal of Michael Arlen

EDITORIAL

WHOSE MAN IN HAVANA?

Here was the advance script—or at least the thinly concealed fantasy of the press pack that descended on Havana in the first week of April: Gorby vows to halt Soviet aid to Nicaragua and chides Fidel on the airport tarmac for maintaining his archaic tropical gulag. Fidel, in furious response, exclaims, "I spit on *perestroika*."

The breathless pursuit of the Gorbachev star, heightened by the Soviet elections in March and the General Secretary's current travels, has bred the simplistic belief that "new thinking" basically calls for Moscow to roll over and play dead in one "regional conflict" after another. But it's not that simple. In Afghanistan, Washington claims the continued right to arm the mujahedeen in the name of "symmetry." In Namibia, the inadequacy of U.N. peacekeeping arrangements has allowed South Africa's vicious *koevoet* police to act as moral arbiters of the bloodshed along the Angolan border. As Gorbachev pointed out in a tactless departure from the Havana script, the export of counterrevolution is every bit as dangerous as the export of revolution—notably in Central America.

Conservatives seize on this to support their argument that no real change is needed in U.S. policy toward the Soviet Union. And like its predecessors, this Administration continues to believe that in the Caribbean "backyard" the regional conflict game is to be played by different rules. That dogma, of course, helps explain the ardor of Castro's nationalism—which includes his allergy to *perestroika*.

A PEACE SEDER
ARTHUR WASKOW

SILENCING PIRATE ROCK AND ROLL
DEAN KUIPERS

'SOWETO' AND 'SOPHIATOWN'
MARK GEVISSER

INTO AND OUT OF THE BLACK
JOHN HOLLANDER

14006 17
0 377535 6

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS.

SEEING RED ON GREEN

Somerville, Mass.

Mark Green states, in response to Steve Cobble's criticism ["Letters," March 27], that the requirement for his support for a presidential nominee is, "Who is the most honest, progressive candidate *who can win*?" (Emphasis in original.) This requirement seems to have been popularized—if not invented—in 1988 for specific application to Jesse Jackson.

To see who can win is what we hold elections for. Did Green apply that standard to Dukakis? When Bush "accused" him of being a card-carrying A.C.L.U. member I waited, expectantly, for what Dukakis would do with the fattest home-run pitch a candidate has ever received; and he watched it sail by him without even a raised eyebrow. Oh how I wish we could have been treated to Jackson's response! Jesse would have pounded the card-carrying N.R.A. member Bush to a pulp without having to stop for a deep breath for at least ten minutes.

Why doesn't Green say what he *really* means? Who is the most honest, progressive, white, Christian candidate? Maybe he should also add, "And not too extreme."

Alvin L. Schreiber

BACK BY POPULAR DE MAN

Los Angeles

Jon Wiener writes that "the contributors to *Responses: Paul de Man's Wartime Journalism* fall into two groups: the textualists . . . and the historicists" ["Debating de Man," Feb. 13]. Armed with this distinction, Wiener judges my contribution to provide "a good example of a historicist rather than a textualist reading." I am sure I am not alone in finding the division of the textualist goats from the historicist sheep to be utterly indefensible, because so terribly crude. To apply it, Wiener is obliged to represent my article, for example, by means of less than one complete sentence. His comment leaves one far from certain in what sense the sentence he quotes is specifically "historicist." Does he mean simply that it contains a reference to some historical event? If so, then I or anyone else could point out innumerable such references in the contributions he so frivolously labels "textualist," in particular in Derrida's long article (Wiener's prime example of the latter genre), from which Wiener could have quoted any number of sentences, paragraphs or pages as fully "historicist" as my one sentence. Had he done so, however, the neat parallelism he thinks he has discovered—between "textualists" and "defenders" of de Man on the one hand, and "historicists" and those who condemn him on the other—would have fallen apart.

But I suspect that Wiener is not particularly concerned with the validity or consistency of his categories. His principal aim is to discredit any response (and a response is not a defense) to de Man's wartime journalism that does not limit itself to simple and irrevocable condemnation. Is it thus just a coincidence that the sentence he quotes from my article and that earns it the label "historicist" is the one that speaks of the inexcusable equanimity with which de Man used the phrase "a solution to the Jewish problem"? Although he pretends to believe that this proves I depart from the "textualism" of the article by Derrida that I translated, he can do so only by overlooking the moment in the latter article that says essentially the same thing, which qualifies the same phrase as "unpardonable," and which refers to the "context in which [de Man's article] was read in 1941" as well as to what was to follow. Given these wildly arbitrary procedures of quoting, classifying and passing judgment, is it really so surprising when Derrida, Weber, Warminski, Hamacher and others call journalists such as Wiener to task for the commission of irresponsible public acts?

Journalistic probity is also seen to be at stake if one wonders for a moment what exactly Wiener thought he was doing when he agreed to review a collection that, as he points out with naïve conscientiousness, at several points puts in question quite severely his capacity to understand, much less offer judgment on, the debate fomented by de Man's wartime writings. Did he perhaps stop to consider that his reaction to the collection would be more than ever hampered by the urge to defend his previous hasty representation of this debate by attacking those whom he so hastily terms de Man's "defenders"? To judge by the way he has to force hopelessly confused categories on what he read, it is certain he would have shown better judgment if he had passed up this occasion to display his vengefulness in public. The same, by the way, could be said of his editors.

Peggy Kamuf

WIENER REPLIES

Irvine, Calif.

Perhaps my characterization of Kamuf's sentence was wrong. But the contrast between historicist and textualist approaches is so basic to critical theory today that Kamuf cannot be serious in dismissing the distinction as "utterly indefensible."

It's true Derrida wrote that de Man's collaboration with the Nazis and his anti-Semitic articles were "unpardonable." But that is followed by a section titled ". . . On the Other Hand," which makes a variety of excuses for de Man and which concludes, "To judge, to condemn the work or the man . . . is to reproduce the exterminating gesture" of the Final Solution. Is this the kind of subtlety and complexity Kamuf recommends as the alternative to my "terribly crude" review?

Kamuf argues that I should not have been asked to review the Nebraska volume of commentaries on de Man. Her argument seems to be that once Derrida says you've committed "reading errors" you're obliged to fall silent. If good judgment requires that those who have taken a position in this controversy not write about the Nebraska volume, then Kamuf should not have written to *The Nation*—because her "reaction" to my review would be "hampered by the urge to defend" her previous work as Derrida's translator; she should therefore have passed up this occasion to display her vengefulness in public. But I'd never make that argument.

Jon Wiener

THE POLLUTED HOME

Chicago

In his article "We Are All Losing the War" [March 27] Dick Russell quotes Greenpeace's executive director, Peter Bahouth, as saying, "Dealing with one chemical at a time and allowable 'parts per million' must give way to flat-out bans on whole classes of chemicals that are destroying the environment."

The increasing number of us with the newly recognized illness known as multiple chemical sensitivities, or environmental illness, could not agree more—not because chemicals are destroying the environment but because they are destroying our health. We react with a variety of symptoms, usually chronic and often severe, to some of the 60,000 or more chemicals synthesized from petroleum since World War II and put into common household products such as detergents, fabric softeners, synthetic fabrics, perfumes, paints, inks, paper and pesticides.

In our reactions, we are not alone. A research arm of the National Academy of Sciences has estimated that 15 percent of the U.S. population is already sensitive to chemicals found in common household products. The E.P.A.'s 1985 TEAM study of indoor air pollution found that indoor air pollution levels can be from 100 to 1,000 times greater than outdoor air pollution levels, even in heavily polluted areas. And the Environmental Research Foundation estimates that the nation's use of chemicals is increasing by 6 percent a year. We are indeed losing the war.

Lynn Lawson

BORED IN KATONAH

Katonah, N.Y.

Your "Letters" heading is a misnomer. What you've really got in that space are endlessly long critical pieces plus endlessly long replies by the writer criticized. This irritates the hell out of me. Partly because some of the stuff is boring. Mostly because you are usurping the rights of readers to make short, pertinent comments on other things in the magazine.

Edna Toney

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CONTENTS.

Volume 248, Number 16

LETTERS
542

EDITORIALS
541 Whose Man in Havana?
543 S.O.S.
544 Hard Times
545 Achille's Gamble *Daniel Singer*

COLUMNS
546 Minority Report *Christopher Hitchens*
547 Malcolmtent *Edward Sorel*

ARTICLES
548 An Armenian Journal: Faucet Sales and Crush Syndrome *Michael Arlen*
557 Four More Questions: A Seder for Peace in the Mideast *Arthur Waskow*
559 A Not So Jolly Roger: The Silencing of "Radio Sarah" *Dean Kuipers*

BOOKS & THE ARTS
525 Ramusi: Soweto, My Love: A Testimony To Black Life in South Africa
Mattera: Sophiatown: Coming of Age In South Africa *Mark Gevisser*
566 Tan: The Joy Luck Club
Yamamoto: Seventeen Syllables and Other Stories *Valerie Miner*
568 From out of the Black Into the Black (poems) *John Hollander*
569 Architecture *Jane Holtz Kay*
571 Music *Gene Santoro*

Drawings by Seymour Chwast

Editor, Victor Navasky

Executive Editor, Richard Pollak; *Associate Editors*, George Black, Andrew Kopkind; *Assistant Editor*, Micah L. Sifry; *Literary Editor*, Elsa Dixler; *Assistant Literary Editor*, Julie Abraham; *Poetry Editor*, Grace Schulman; *Managing Editor*, JoAnn Wypijewski; *Research Director*, Vania Del Borgo; *Copy Chief*, Art Winslow; *Assistant Copy Editors*, Judith Long, Tracy Tullis; *Assistant to the Editor*, Dennis Selby; *Interns*, Stephen Doherty, Tara Dooley, Jill Hamburg, Cara Letofsky, Edward Miliband, Richard McKerrow, Scott R. Shaeffer, Paul Singer (Washington). *On leave*, Richard Lingeman, Katrina vanden Heuvel.

Departments: Architecture, Jane Holtz Kay; *Art*, Arthur C. Danto; *Dance*, Mindy Aloff; *Fiction*, John Leonard; *Lingo*, Jim Quinn; *Music*, David Hamilton, Edward W. Said, Gene Santoro; *Theater*, Thomas M. Disch, Moira Hodgson; *Bureaus: Washington, D.C.*, Jefferson Morley and David Corn, *editors*; *Latin America*, Penny Lernoux; *Europe*, Daniel Singer; *United Kingdom*, E.P. Thompson; *Paris*, Claude Bourdet; *Corporations*, Robert Sherrill; *Defense*, Michael T. Klare; *Columnists and Regular Contributors:* Calvin Trillin (*Uncivil Liberties*), Stephen F. Cohen (*Sovieticus*), Alexander Cockburn (*Beat the Devil*), Christopher Hitchens (*Minority Report*), Stuart Klawans (*The Small Time*), Edward Sorel; *Contributing Editors:* Kai Bird, Thomas Ferguson, Doug Henwood, Max Holland, Molly Ivins, Katha Pollitt, Joel Rogers, Kirkpatrick Sale, Herman Schwartz, Michael Thomas, Gore Vidal, Jon Wiener; *Editorial Board:* Norman Birnbaum, Richard Falk, Frances FitzGerald, Philip Green, Elinor Langer, Michael Pertschuk, Elizabeth Pochoda, Marcus G. Raskin, A.W. Singham, Roger Wilkins.

Manuscripts: The magazine cannot be responsible for the return of unsolicited manuscripts unless accompanied by addressed, stamped envelopes.

Publisher, Arthur L. Carter

President and Associate Publisher, David Parker; *General Manager*, Neil Black; *Advertising Director*, Chris Calhoun; *Business Manager*, Ann B. Epstein; *Bookkeepers*, Tanveer Mall, Ivor A. Richardson; *Art/Production Manager*, Jane Sharples; *Circulation Director*, Margaret Pyle; *Subscription Manager*, Cookee V. Klein; *Publicity Director*, Sarah Perl; *Director, Nation Books*, Elsa Dixler; *Assistant Advertising Manager*, Eamonn Fitzgerald; *Receptionists*, Greta Loell, Vivette Dhanukdhari; *Mail Clerk*, John Holtz; *Administrative Secretary*, Shirley Sulat; *Production*, Terry Miller; *Typography*, Randall Cherry, Sandy McCroskey; *Nation Associates Director*, Sandra Zickefoose; *Syndication*, Jeff Sorensen; *New Business Manager*, Jay Pearsall; *Special Projects Director*, Peter G. Meyer; *InterNation*, Chris Calhoun.

The Nation (ISSN 0027-8378) is published weekly (except for the first week in January, and biweekly in July and August) by The Nation Company, Inc. © 1989 in the U.S.A. by The Nation Company, Inc., 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011. (212) 242-8400. *Washington Bureau:* Suite 308, 110 Maryland Avenue N.E., Washington, DC 20002. (202) 546-2239. Second-class postage paid at New York, NY, and at additional mailing offices. International Telex: 667 155 NATION. Subscription orders, changes of address and all subscription inquiries: *The Nation*, Box 1953, Marion, OH 43305. *Subscription Price*: One year, $36; two years, $64. Add $14 for surface mail postage outside U.S. Claims for missed issues must be made within 60 days (120 days foreign) of publication date. **Please allow 4-6 weeks for receipt of your first issue and for all subscription transactions.** Back issues $3 prepaid ($4 foreign) from: *The Nation*, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011. *The Nation* is available on microfilm from: University Microfilms, 300 North Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, MI 48106. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to *The Nation*, Box 1953, Marion, OH 43305. This issue went to press on April 6.

EDITORIALS.

S.O.S.

A few days after the Exxon Valdez ran onto a reef in Prince William Sound, dumping 240,000 barrels of oil into one of the world's most beautiful and ecologically sensitive regions, and a few days before Exxon chair L.G. Rawl spilled his apologies in full-page advertisements across the country, a spokesman for Exxon U.S.A. declared that the disaster was an "act of God." Unlike Rawl's slick effort at damage control, that message was not meant for the general public but for the oil markets and futures exchanges. Having blamed forces beyond its control, Exxon U.S.A. is free to reduce its contracted deliveries to refineries without having to compensate buyers for late shipments. Two other producers who pump Alaskan oil, British Petroleum and Atlantic Richfield Company, followed suit, invoking similar *force majeure* clauses in their contracts. Oil prices jumped, and as happens in the monopolistic energy industry whenever a "supply crisis" strikes, heating-oil and gasoline prices were suspiciously quick to follow.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Of course, the Valdez spill was not the work of the Almighty, just part of business as usual for the all-too-powerful oil industry. According to a National Academy of Sciences report on oil spills, there are many smaller accidents every year, dumping an average of 2.9 million barrels of oil into the world's oceans. (The Valdez headlines overshadowed just such a "minor" spill near Hawaii.) The one thing the Seven Sisters and their handmaidens in Washington and in the press do not want us to conclude now is that perhaps we don't need all this oil. "The accident shouldn't change one truth," *The New York Times* editorialized. "Alaskan oil is too valuable to leave in the ground."

But in fact many alternatives exist. The road not taken, but still wide open, is energy efficiency and conservation. Consider just a few observations of Amory Lovins, research director of the Rocky Mountain Institute in Aspen, Colorado.

§ Full nationwide use of newly available "superwindows," which insulate two to four times as well as triple glazing but cost less, would save more oil and gas each year than Alaska now supplies. Estimated cost: $2,000 per home.

§ The weatherization of all uninsulated and barely insulated oil- and gas-heated homes would save approximately 1.6 billion barrels over the next thirty years—10 percent of the total Alaskan oil reserve. Estimated cost: up to $27 billion, far less than the $45 billion allocated annually for projecting military forces into the Persian Gulf.

§ Today, each mile-per-gallon improvement in the light-vehicle fleet in the United States would save as much oil as is produced each year in Alaska.

§ From 1977 to 1985, improved light-vehicle efficiency was largely responsible for halving U.S. oil imports. But in 1986 the Reagan Administration instituted a three-year rollback in requirements for average fuel efficiency, cutting the new-car minimum from 27.5 to 26 m.p.g. If carried through the next fleet of cars, this allowance will waste oil faster than the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge—next on the list for plunder—could yield it.

§ The average U.S. car on the road gets 18.3 m.p.g.; the average new car gets almost 30 m.p.g. Volvo has one model ready for production, at no extra cost, that averages 71 m.p.g.; a Renault prototype tops 100 m.p.g.

§ Rather than developing synthetic fuels or exploring for Arctic oil, the nation would save more oil cheaper and faster by giving people free 40-plus m.p.g. cars, provided they scrap their Brontomobiles; or by paying them several-hundred-dollar cash bonuses for every mile per gallon any new car improves on their old guzzler.

So far all George ("I am an environmentalist") Bush and his Administration have done is advise the oil industry to work on its P.R. "If the image of an uncareful and uncaring industry prevails among the U.S. public," Interior Secretary Manuel Lujan Jr. warned, "then we can kiss goodbye to domestic oil and gas development in the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge, offshore and in the public lands." But if we are to avert future Valdezes and other environmental catastrophes, the whole corporate system of extraction and consumption that has proved so profitable and disaster-prone must be challenged. One tiny step in that direction is the threat by angry state legislators to shut the Alaskan pipeline until the consortium of companies pumping the oil comes up with a better emergency plan to handle spills. Maybe, as the terrible costs of the Valdez accident become clearer in the next months, Alaskans will be moved to reconsider the Faustian bargain they made with the oil industry in 1973, in which they signed over the North Slope reserves in exchange for annual royalty checks.

The rest of the country must stop depending on Devil Oil as well. We are a nation as drunk on black gold as the skipper of the Exxon Valdez was on alcohol. But instead of sobering up about our environmental and energy crises and taking command before the entire country hits a reef, our leaders are, like the captain, hiding out below deck.

Hard Times

Like most of its readers, *The Wall Street Journal* was properly awed by the recent revelation that "junk bond" magnifico Michael Milken's 1987 wages were $550 million. To provide some perspective, the paper noted that the figure is $90 million more than Guyana's gross national product, $413 million more than the annual budget of the Securities and Exchange Commission and $378 million more than the Louisiana Purchase would run in today's dollars. And Milken's pay envelope contained $545.4 million more than the combined 1987 salaries of the chairs of I.T.T., I.B.M. and Chrysler.

However, for all *The Journal*'s public-service spirit, there is some arithmetic the editors overlooked. The Federal minimum wage is $3.35 an hour, and has been for the past eight years. Putting in a forty-hour week (a generous assumption in an increasingly part-time work force), a laborer paid that would have an annual income of $6,968. Thus, Michael Milken's 1987 salary equals the yearly income of almost 79,000 people on the minimum wage. Or, to earn what Milken made, one person on the minimum wage would have to work for 79,000 years.

We were suitably outraged by this disparity—until we learned of the Moët Index. This gauge, devised by the enterprising champagne people, charts the price changes of twelve luxury staples. The Rolls-Royce Corniche convertible, for example, cost $183,500 in 1987 but accelerated 12 percent last year, to $205,500. The price of a men's Rolex Oyster Perpetual Day-Date watch with President Bracelet rose by the same percentage—from $10,450 to $11,700. Thirty grams of Petrossian beluga caviar went from $33.25 to $47, up a staggering 41 percent.

For the dozen items (a round trip to Paris on the Concorde, now $4,876, is one of the others) the Moët Index shows an 8.7 percent increase for 1988. This is almost twice the Consumer Price Index, that tool for measuring how inflation afflicts the great undifferentiated masses. Clearly, times are much harder for people like Milken than we ever imagined.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Achille's Gamble

When Achille Occhetto, the new General Secretary, closed the debate at the Eighteenth Congress of the Italian Communist Party (P.C.I.) in Rome on March 21, the delegates gave him a ten-minute standing ovation. Spontaneously. The new leader had passed his test at the congress with tremendous success, giving a dispirited party a new injection of confidence by reassuring its members that their organization could be brought up to date in a spirit of continuity, that it could have new tasks and ambitions without disowning its principles and its itinerary. There were some novelties in Occhetto's platform: It dropped democratic centralism, put ecology at the heart of its policy and stressed the vital importance of the feminist movement, symbolically illustrated by the entry of ninety-three women into the 300-member Central Committee.

Contrary to some expectations, however, Occhetto did not make a clean break with the past. He preserved, as it were, the "C" in P.C.I. Indeed, while admitting mistakes, he proudly laid claim to the party's tradition. He also insisted on the P.C.I.'s autonomy, which in no way excluded working with other parties in the search for a left-wing alternative to the permanent rule of the Christian Democrats. And he carried this platform with only marginal dissent.

The Italian Communists badly needed such a fillip. True, they were, as Mikhail Gorbachev reminded them in a message to the congress, "precursors of *perestroika*" who had ceased to be subservient to Moscow and had got rid of their Stalinist habits much earlier than their comrades elsewhere. As a result, they were the only European C.P. to have remained the dominant force on their country's left. Even so, since the death five years ago of General Secretary Enrico Berlinguer, and the rise of Bettino Craxi as a successful Prime Minister and leader of a growing Socialist Party, the Communists have been losing nerve and votes. Hence the ovation for Occhetto.

The P.C.I. has no intention now of attacking capitalism. It has become a social democratic party in all but name, with a program in many respects less radical than that of the German Social Democratic Party, the P.C.I.'s partner of choice. Indeed, to stress this evolution, the P.C.I. proposes to leave the Communist group in the European Parliament in Strasbourg in favor of the Socialist one, and it is helped in these tactics by Gorbachev's foreign policy.

The snag in all this is Craxi, who is doing his best to disturb the P.C.I.'s wooing of Europe's social democrats. Craxi is ready for a domestic alliance with the Communists—but only on the terms imposed by François Mitterrand in France, with the Communists as junior partners. The P.C.I. hopes to put pressure on Craxi by demonstrating that he is really more at home with the Christian Democrats. But even if the Communists manage one day to force him into a coalition, they should beware of precedent: When two partners reach an alliance on a moderate program, the one with the more moderate reputation tends to benefit most.

Last but not least, it is unclear whether the P.C.I. can still appear as a real, radical alternative to the status quo. It will take time to tell whether Occhetto's new line—strategy being too big a word—is effective. But it will be put to a test at once, in the European Parliament elections in June. Should the Communists make a poor showing, the divisions within the party between those who still wish to change society and those who wish only to manage it may well break through the March congress's veneer of unity. DANIEL SINGER

Daniel Singer is The Nation*'s Europe correspondent.*

NATION NOTES

Articles in *The Nation* have led to many happy outcomes, but few have been as unexpected and gratifying as the Academy Award Marcel Ophuls received March 29 for *Hotel Terminus: The Life and Times of Klaus Barbie.* The four-and-a-half-hour documentary about the Nazi war criminal grew out of Ophuls's assignment to cover Barbie's trial in Lyons and the subsequent pieces he produced for the magazine. We salute the dedicated correspondent/director and all others associated with the film, including our former publisher, Hamilton Fish 3rd, who was one of its producers.

The Nation Institute is pleased to announce that Cynthia B. Rubin, a second-year law student at New York University and managing editor of *Response* magazine, has been awarded the Robert Masur Fellowship for 1989. Named in memory of public interest attorney Robert Masur, the fellowship is awarded annually to a law student with a demonstrated commitment to public interest law. Rubin will assist in law-student organizing and conduct research for the Supreme Court Watch project of the institute.

Fifty-five years ago, McAlister Coleman, writing in *The Nation* about the trial of a utilities firm, observed: "Then came the Slaff brothers, keen, cynical young lawyers from New York, dangerous in their brilliant cross-examination of utility experts, their devastating analysis of the company's statistical alibis." Happily, one of the brothers, George Slaff, became a longtime contributor to these pages himself, an invaluable informal legal adviser and a devoted friend and supporter of the magazine, not to mention a frequent letter-to-the-editor writer. He served as a president of the American Civil Liberties Union of Southern California and on the organization's national board and incarnated the principle of perpetual, constructive dissent. George Slaff died March 24 at age 83. We shall miss his support and counsel.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MINORITY REPORT.

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

Apparently ridiculing the idea that "unborn children have protectable interests" in its mini-exhortation "March!" (April 10), *The Nation*'s editorialists add sarcastically, "That's more than born children have in a country with soaring infant mortality rates." Why do I find this non sequitur encouraging?

It's just my impression, but the idea that a fetus is "only" a growth in, or appendage to, the female body seems to be advanced with less conviction than was once the case. There was a time when our editorialists would have proudly echoed Gloria Steinem on the fetus, saying that its indubitable and necessary existence posed no problem because it was "a mass of dependent protoplasm" with no more distinction or dignity than an inflamed appendix. One still hears that sort of thing said, but to its credit the "pro-choice" school has turned queasy and shifted to the ironic or, as above, the merely sarcastic. Thus it's more often argued that the so-called right to life movement is, generally speaking, led by people who support capital punishment, endorse imperialist war, fetishize nuclear weapons and detest women's liberation. The abortion issue, in this analysis, is an opportunistic conscription of the emotions for the purpose of retarding or negating the gains made by women since the 1960s.

As far as it goes, that line of argument is based on politically valid observation. The leading element in the "right to life" movement is indeed composed of hypocrites, who are either indifferent to the suffering of others or in some cases positively enthusiastic about it; who are marketers of religious cretinism; and who have been thoroughly and revealingly unsettled by one of the century's most positive developments, the sexual autonomy of women. As has been said before, the "lifers" pretend concern for humanity before it is born and after it is dead, and contribute mightily to the preventable bits of misery in between.

I am not recording an opinion on this in order to protect myself from the wrath to come. I have always been convinced that the term "unborn child" is a genuine description of material reality. Obviously, the fetus is alive, so that disputation about whether or not it counts as "a life" is casuistry. The same applies, from a materialist point of view, to the question of whether or not this "life" is "human." What other kind could it be? As for "dependent," this has never struck me as a very radical criticism of any agglomeration of human cells in whatever state. Children are "dependent" too.

It is because I actually do mind about this that I am appalled by the exploitation of the subject by religious and political demagogues. Still, most of them have the excuse of ignorance or depravity. The left should not. If you care to spend a few minutes talking with the people who attend "right to life" events, the active majority of them working-class women, you will encounter all kinds of what I am still arrogant or confident enough to call illusions. But you will also encounter a genuine, impressive, unforced revulsion at the idea of the disposable fetus. This revulsion would deserve respect even if it were "only" emotional. But anyone who has ever seen a sonogram or has spent even an hour with a textbook on embryology knows that the emotions are not the deciding factor. In order to terminate a pregnancy, you have to still a heartbeat, switch off a developing brain and, whatever the method, break some bones and rupture some organs. As to whether this involves pain on the "Silent Scream" scale, I have no idea. The "right to life" leadership, again, has cheapened everything it touches.

But I don't think that this cheapening should set the standard, as it paradoxically appears to do in the propaganda of the "pro-choice" lot. Here, the emphasis is exclusively or allegedly on the defense of the rights of women. Need the two conceptions be permanently at war? What if there were to be a historic compromise?

If society really wanted to protect the unborn child, it would have, in reason and conscience, to make women a serious proposal. "We" regard the occupant of what is undoubtedly *your* womb as a candidate member of the next generation, and "we" thus claim a right and an interest. "We" do not like what "we" hear about gender abortions, where potential girls are flushed out by couples who want boys (surely the great unintended consequence of a feminist campaign). Nor do "we" like what "we" hear about racial implications of this type of population control. For these and many other reasons, "we" want to define this as a social problem. In return:

(1) Contraception will be available free, under a National Health Service that will also guarantee prenatal, nutrition and health care for any child born to any family (as is still the case even in much poorer capitalist democracies like Britain). Sexual and contraceptive education will be part of the national school curriculum, just as prayer will not need to be.

(2) Since not all taking of life is murder, and since it is immoral and unscientific to maintain otherwise, no woman may be compelled to bear a child if she is the victim of rape or incest, or if her mental or physical health is threatened. These abortions will be performed at no cost by the National Health Service, which will relieve at least some of the people who worry understandably about profit-making abortion "clinics."

(3) The National Health Service will supervise a national adoption service. The current disgrace of private and profit-making adoption rackets, many of them run by religious and racial sectarians, will cease.

Most of these socialist reforms should have been implemented by now in any case. *On these conditions* it would be possible to end the dialogue of the deaf between those who shout "murder" and those who dully reply "no problem." It is a pity that instead of taking this course, the majority of feminists and their allies have stuck to the dead ground of "Me Decade" possessive individualism, an ideology that has more in common than it admits with the prehistoric right, which it claims to oppose but has in fact encouraged.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Malcolmtent

EDWARD SOREL

BEFORE WE BEGIN, I'M OBLIGED BY THE MALCOLM CODE TO INFORM YOU THAT I AM A JOURNALIST AND THEREFORE UTTERLY UNTRUSTWORTHY...
...I WILL ATTEMPT TO INGRATIATE MYSELF INTO YOUR CONFIDENCE AND THEN USE ANYTHING YOU TELL ME TO EMBARRASS YOU.
SINCE WE'RE USING THE MALCOLM RULES OF CONDUCT I MUST REMIND YOU THAT I'M A POLITICIAN AND THEREFORE ABSOLUTELY UNTRUSTWORTHY...
I WILL TRY TO MAKE YOU BELIEVE THAT I AM HONEST, SINCERE, AND INTELLIGENT, WHILE SIDE-STEPPING ALL CONTROVERSY OBFUSCATING THE FACTS, AND LYING WHENEVER IT SUITS MY PURPOSE.
AT THIS POINT Ms. MALCOLM SUGGESTS I REMIND YOU THAT THIS IS A CARTOON...
I HAVE DELIBERATELY CARICATURED MR. BUSH TO LOOK STUPID AND WEAK AND HAVE PUT WORDS IN HIS MOUTH WHICH HE NEVER UTTERED.
I DO THIS SORT OF THING ALL THE TIME, LITTLE CARING ABOUT THE FEELINGS OF MY VICTIM'S FAMILY, CONCERNED ONLY WITH WHETHER MY PUNCHLINE IS FUNNY.
RRRINGG
HELLO?... YES, JANET, I'VE JUST EXPLAINED HOW SHALLOW AND UNTRUSTWORTHY CARTOONISTS ARE. YES...YES, OF COURSE... YES I KNOW I DID THE RIGHT THING... YES, I DO FEEL BETTER NOW, YES, YES... OF COURSE... UM-HUH... YES I HOPE SO...
I MAY GO INTO ANOTHER LINE OF WORK.
Edward Sorel

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ARTICLES.

AN ARMENIAN JOURNAL

Faucet Sales and Crush Syndrome

MICHAEL ARLEN

These days, the way most people get to Armenia—though let's briefly call it by its proper name, the Soviet Socialist Republic of Armenia—is by flying in via dreary Moscow. Lumpish Moscow; fog in the air, snow underfoot. Typical of the city's gracious charm is the practice at the main tourist hotels of refusing entry to all Muscovites, except hookers. Though not all hookers; only those deemed worthy of earning hard currency—hard currency hookers. Tonight, they occupy most of the tables in the fabulously tacky Lowenbrau Deluxe Bar and Eating Area, scaring the daylights out of a Dutch tour group. Nearby there are pinball machines and many opportunities to buy junk souvenirs. It's always a pleasure to get out of Moscow, though not always easy. At 4 P.M., a flight is scheduled to depart for Yerevan, the capital of Armenia. Out one is trundled to the airport the inevitable several hours before departure only to find that Aeroflot departures are in a fluid mode that day. Our flight is announced for midnight, leaves at 5 A.M. A huge plane crammed with Armenians. Also, an Armenian pilot, Armenian stewardesses. We fly noisily through night and dawn, three hours, one time zone, and blow a tire on landing—a loud pop, though nobody on board seems much interested. The plane speeds and skids and does a little spinning around on some grass and finally stops, and everyone gets off.

Yerevan. A million and a quarter people, probably more nowadays since many of the earthquake survivors are living here, in hospitals or with relatives. There are some pleasant tree-lined streets, although the trees still look pretty bare and wintry. Boring official buildings made out of tufa, the local pink stone. Too many cars. Too much exhaust. Dust in the air. The usual clutter of large, shabby Soviet-style apartment buildings, with grimy windows and wash hanging from the balconies. The city seems normal, workaday, men and women going about their business. Also, numerous policemen in their good-looking blue greatcoats, by their faces not Armenian; these are the new police brought in from elsewhere—Greater Russia. Also Soviet soldiers, neither few nor many. They seem to walk about in threes, some wearing what appear to be flak jackets. Here and there you see a tank, not giant tanks but still tanks—city tanks with eight rubber tires and a gun mounted in a turret.

Michael Arlen is a frequent contributor to The New Yorker *and the author of numerous books, including* Passage to Ararat, *an Armenian memoir (Farrar, Straus and Giroux).*

The lobby of the Hotel Armenia is like a movie set, not precisely *Casablanca* but one of those settings, part seedy, part exotic, with an air of faded grandeur, and with many strange people hanging about, mostly men in dark suits drinking little cups of that sweet, syrupy coffee—definitely not called "Turkish coffee" here—their heads lowered in presumably interesting and purposive conversation. Upstairs, there are several cavernous restaurants, none of them with any food to speak of, though with much in the way of brownish bread and green onions and slices of cold, hard cheese and unlabeled bottles of soft drinks described as "limonade," but which taste of mint and something difficult to identify. Also upstairs are the hotel rooms, randomly doled out—tiny chambers or large suites of three or four rooms, with beds never quite made up and a thick layer of dust pretty much everywhere and always in the corridors, maids slowly chugging along carrying armfuls of cleaning equipment.

Crush Syndrome

We head out to the earthquake zone early in the morning—a warm morning, almost springlike but rapidly cooling off as we drive north toward Leninakan. We're in a fine yellow van belonging to Karekin Nercissian, otherwise known as the Bishop of Yerevan. He's head of the Armenian church's relief operations here, 40-ish, with a grizzled beard, a sporty black leather greatcoat. There's also Miriam, an Armenian aid worker from New York; Vartan, an architect from Chicago; and Ardashat, an old friend from Yerevan, a musician, a teacher of languages—a lifelong student, as he puts it.

Leninakan is about two hours' drive from Yerevan, at least it is today, with the road narrow and a soft misty rain beginning to fall. On either side of us lies the Armenian countryside—mostly stones and rocks and patches of bare field, with here and there a modest orchard of apple and apricot trees, their dark wispy branches still leafless. Far in the distance there are mountains, snow covered, half hidden in haze. What are we going to find in Leninakan today? Dramatic examples of horrendous devastation? Or perhaps no devastation at all since we are nearly three months after the fact. Perhaps dramatic examples of Soviet rebuilding.

Vartan and Karekin are discussing details of the earthquake. "December 7, at 11:41 in the morning," says Karekin. "The first shock. Thirty-two seconds."

"I thought it was longer," says Vartan.

"At 11:45 there was the second shock," says Karekin. "More than a minute."

On that December morning, Leninakan was the second largest city in Armenia, with about 290,000 people living there. It was once called Alexandropol after the dreadful Czar Alexander, who had seized the region from the Ottoman Turks, thereby "protecting" the Christian Armenians from the infidel. Before that, it was known by its Armenian name, Gumry—this in those bygone days that drive Armenians mad to think about, when an Armenia existed that

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stretched from this barren, stony, rock-strewn north down across the vast and fertile high-mountain plateau of what is now eastern Turkey.

"How many finally dead?" asks Miriam.

"The authorities still say fifty thousand," says Karekin, "but by all the signs we have, it was close to twice that number."

What I remember of Leninakan some years ago was a not exactly pretty city—too many of those ubiquitous Soviet-style apartment blocks for prettiness. But a dense and vigorous place. Old and new buildings. Busy thoroughfares. A sense of mass and people. Today, what one first notices is that the mass has been removed. Where once there was density there is now a strange, damp, melancholy . . . openness. The city has been, as they say, opened up: Two-thirds of the buildings are gone. First, they crashed to the ground in a murderous jumble of concrete and brick and kitchen sinks and human bodies. Then this so-called rubble was removed, is in fact still being removed as we stand there.

You see small groups of soldiers working in a desultory fashion beside the road, but are they building up or tearing down? It's hard to say. An occasional truck lumbers by. There are some heavy cranes in the distance.

We run into Etienne S., a doctor with a French relief team that brought ten dialysis machines to the local hospital. "I don't know what was the worst part," he is saying. "That they didn't have any machinery to lift the concrete off the people who were trapped and crushed? Or that they didn't have the surgical equipment to perform the amputations? Of course, they performed them anyway, trying to save lives in those first days, using, how do you say, carpentry saws, saws for cutting logs."

Here and there you see clusters of olive-drab canvas tents volunteered by the army. People live in some of them. In others there is a school—the sixty or so children remaining from an elementary school of nearly 200.

We stop at the church—what used to be the church. Two huge stone cupolas lie upside-down, relatively unbroken, embedded in the mud where they landed.

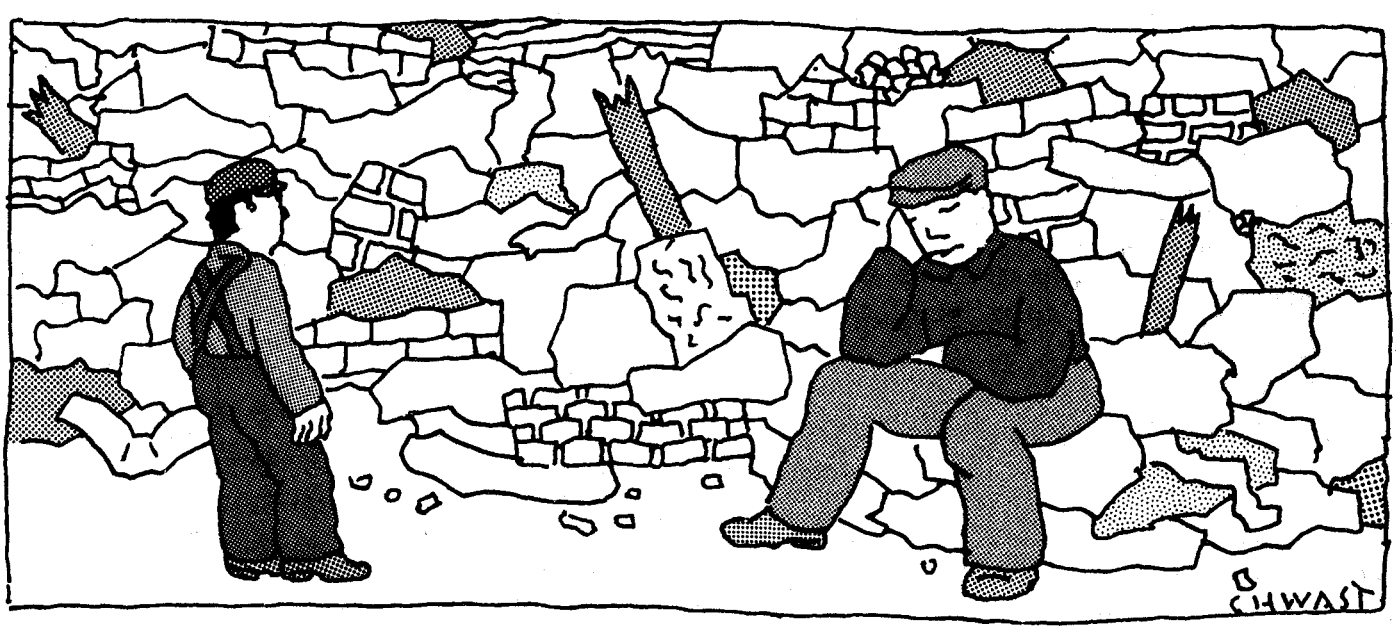
A freight train is on a siding. People are living in the freight train.

A woman walks up to Miriam. From her appearance, she doesn't seem bad off—wears a decent overcoat, hat, boots. Suddenly she starts to scream at Miriam. "How can I live like this? How can I take care of my children?" Miriam doesn't know what to do or say. Karekin talks with the woman, asks if she has received her monthly allotment of rubles from the government. "It wasn't the money," he says afterward. "She has enough money. But I think all her children are dead."

We walk along the muddy empty streets. Here much of the rubble hasn't been cleared away. Great piles of concrete slabs and broken stone and wire cables that didn't hold. Also, a smell—not strong, almost below consciousness, but not far enough below.

"It's happening," says Ardashat, sniffing the air. "It's warming up. The other day, my brother told me, the rats had found parts of a body and were dragging it into the street."

Vartan has come here to check out the prefab housing that has been brought in to house survivors. "There've been all sorts of strides in prefab design in the past few years," he says optimistically. But what we find isn't inspiring. There's a stretch of muddy ground about the size of a football field covered with green rectangular metal boxes. Five hundred green metal boxes. Some have a tiny window in the back, some don't. In a certain disconnected sense, the green of the boxes—bright and deep and shiny—is quite striking, almost pretty. But the prospect is depressing beyond belief. A man called Souren meets us, a sturdy, barrel-chested fellow in his 50s with a reddish face and a cut above one eye. He wants to show us his new home, takes us to the door of one of the green boxes and steps inside. There's almost nothing in it: a mattress on the floor, a bathmat for carpeting, two straight-backed chairs. "We don't have the electricity yet," says Souren, who seems alternately hearty and in a daze. "What about water?" asks Vartan. "We don't have the water yet," says Souren. Miriam tries to ask Ardashat discreetly how



DRAWINGS BY SEYMOUR CHWAST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

many members of Souren's family might be living there. Ardashat and Souren exchange a few brisk phrases and Ardashat says, "Only three. His wife is still in the hospital and two daughters were killed. But he has a little girl and a boy left." Souren wishes to offer us coffee but remembers that there is no way yet to make it. He stands at the door of his green metal box waving goodbye. "They'll be living there for at least two years," says Ardashat. "Probably three."

Dr. Etienne talks about crush syndrome. "I said they had a problem not having enough machinery to lift the concrete. But when they got the machinery they had a problem not knowing how to do things. You see, if you have a person, especially a child, lying under a slab of concrete and you lift off the concrete without first wrapping the crushed limb very tightly, what happens is that all the toxins gathered around the injury then rush back out, and into the body, and often the kidneys can't handle this and they fail. You can do something about this if you have dialysis machines, but they didn't, at least none that worked, and so people were being rescued—from the rubble, that is—and then dying of kidney failure. It's called 'crush syndrome.' But now we have machines here and in Yerevan, and we're getting some quite good recoveries."

'The Priests Are Furious'

Back in Yerevan, inside the Hotel Armenia, a tall, bespectacled Soviet Army colonel whispers with two blue-coated policemen. The usual suspects sip their coffee. Miriam and Bishop Karekin are trying to explain the hotel's eccentric room-assignment policy to Bud, a new arrival from the United States—a gruff, middle-aged Armenian from Detroit who has come to Yerevan to try to interest "local industry," as he puts it, in a plan for manufacturing bathroom fixtures, specifically faucets. Just then, a plump young man walks by us—a local guy, sideburns, dark glasses, a fleece-lined denim jacket. "Hey, that's my jacket!" yells Karekin and chases after him into the street. Moments later he comes back puffing, empty-handed. "I asked him where he got it. I mean, I *know* it's from our relief supplies. Who else has fleece-lined denim jackets here? He told me, 'I paid fifty rubles for it!' 'Fifty rubles!' I said. 'Who to?' 'To a friend,' he said."

There are plenty of stories about relief aid not getting through. Of shipments being skimmed off in Los Angeles, in Moscow or even (or especially) in Yerevan. Two nights ago, Dr. N., a Boston surgeon expecting a shipment of blood analyzers, went out to the airport at midnight, as soon as he'd been told the plane had landed, only to find half his boxes already opened in the plane's cargo hold and two airport workers busily opening the rest. "What in hell are you guys doing?" said Dr. N. "We're just making sure things got here safely," one of the airport workers replied.

On the whole, the French and Italians have the best record of getting aid into the country and into the right hands. "It's because they have a shorter distance to travel," says Miriam. "It's because they're smarter," says Vartan. "They send their people right on the plane with the stuff." So far, the French have brought in 10,000 tons of aid; the Americans, 300 tons. But the 300 tons, mostly clothing, seems to have fallen into good hands with Bishop Karekin, who clearly runs a tight operation. On the wall outside his church in the center of Yerevan is an immense list of 45,000 names of needy survivors compiled by hand by Karekin and his priests. Inside the parish house are rooms full of clothing supplies—the fleece-lined jackets, and sweaters, jeans and thermal underwear. Families troop in from the earthquake zone bringing with them their passports for identification, and Karekin doles out the stuff. "It works pretty well," he says. "Of course, the priests are furious, having to work for the first time in their lives. Also, some of our victims are very picky about what they want. The villagers really hate that thermal underwear."

'Make the Sound of Fear'

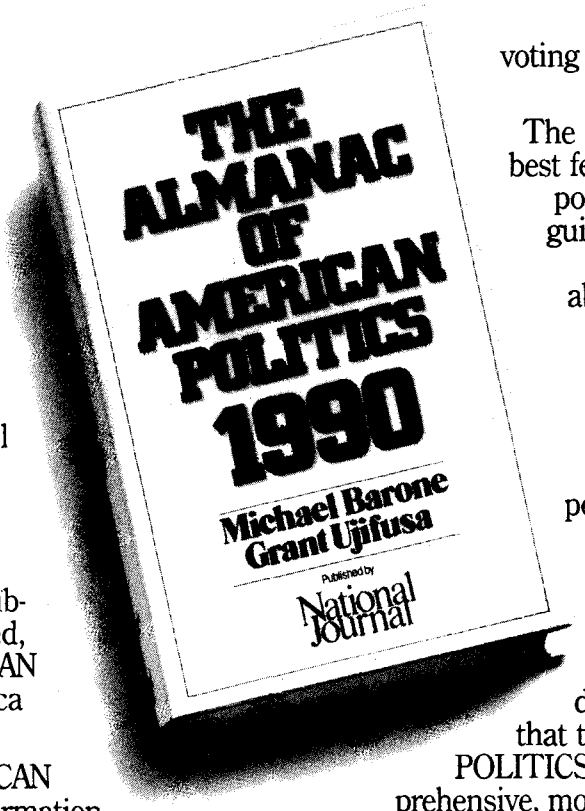
"Let's play earthquake, children!" says Professor Doctor M.H. Alexeyev, an impressive, motherly woman with a broad face and tousled red hair. We are in a building called the Pedagogical Institute, inside an old-fashioned little classroom with wooden desks, and Dr. Alexeyev is standing in the center of a circle of eight young children, each one of them a shock victim of the earthquake. The children have begun to jump up and down, stamping their feet. "Make it louder, I can't hear you," says Dr. Alexeyev. The feet jump up and down. "Make the sound of fear," says Dr. Alexeyev. Now, from the jumping children comes an eery moaning sound. "That's right," says Dr. Alexeyev. "It's beginning, isn't it? But make it louder. I want to hear how terrible it is." The moaning of the children grows louder, higher, like some strange wind. "Now, touch hands together," says Dr. Alexeyev. "Eyes closed." Hands touch. The moaning dies down. The feet stop jumping. The children stand quietly in a circle, arms raised. "Like birds we are at rest," says Dr. Alexeyev. "We are alive."

Ardashat tells me we should have dinner at one of the new cooperative restaurants, one of the few visible indications of the much-advertised (literally, on posters glued to walls and office buildings) *perestroika*. It's a nice little place; the downstairs of an old town house. Ardashat has brought along his friend Kevork, a 30-ish professor of philology at the university. Ardashat asks me if I am outraged by the presence of martial law in Yerevan. Unwisely, I say that the soldiers I've seen seem to be trying hard to stay out of the way. "But they're *here*!" says Ardashat sternly. "It's a slap in the face." Kevork wants to know if the American people were angry at Gorbachev's repressing the Karabakh movement, the movement that drew those huge, peaceable crowds into the streets of Yerevan last year to demand the reunification with Armenia of an area usually and ponderously described as the autonomous region of Nagorno-Karabakh, an area populated mainly by 150,000 Armenians but located perversely by Stalin within the borders of Moslem Azerbaijan. I'm not sure how to reply to Kevork. The truth is often a good idea, but in this instance the truth I know is that most Americans, including most of my friends, don't know where or what Armenia is, let alone any autonomous

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If you live in America, you need this book.

The 1990 ALMANAC OF AMERICAN POLITICS is the indispensable guide to your hometown, your state, and your elected officials.



From California to Kennebunkport to Capitol Hill, the ALMANAC uncovers the real America and brings your elected leaders into focus in lively and revealing profiles. Wherever you live, whatever you do, whether you're Republican, Democrat or undecided, the ALMANAC OF AMERICAN POLITICS will bring America home to you.

The ALMANAC OF AMERICAN POLITICS is filled with information and analysis not available in any other book: vivid and entertaining descriptions of every state and congressional district; complete results of the 1988 elections; detailed profiles and photos of every Member of Congress and governor, with their voting records, interest group ratings and campaign finances.

The 1990 ALMANAC combines the best features of a fact book, contemporary history volume and travel guide. If you are a concerned and aware citizen whose curiosity about America isn't satisfied by newspapers or television, you need the ALMANAC OF AMERICAN POLITICS.

The ALMANAC is frequently called the "bible" of American politics. The Wall Street Journal gives one of the reasons: "The book is actually fun to read because of the broad historic sweep in which it places each of the 435 congressional districts." We know you'll agree that the ALMANAC OF AMERICAN POLITICS is the most useful, most comprehensive, most readable almanac published in America...in fact, we guarantee it.

SPECIAL OFFER: *Reserve your copy today at special pre-publication prices: $12 off the hardcover bookstore price, $5 off the softcover. But we must have your order before July 1!*

YES! I want to take advantage of your pre-publication offer. Reserve my copy(ies) of the ALMANAC OF AMERICAN POLITICS *now*, and rush it to me as soon as it's off the press in August.

_____ Hardcover copies @ $44.95... _____
a $12 savings!

_____ Softcover copies @ $39.95... _____
a $5 savings!

Shipping & handling @ $2.50 each _____
(not charged on prepaid orders)

D.C. orders, add 6% sales tax _____

TOTAL _____

Name _____

Organization _____ Phone _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

☐ I want to save shipping & handling costs, so I'm sending payment (or credit card order) now.

☐ Bill me ☐ MasterCard ☐ Visa ☐ American Express

Publisher's Guarantee: Examine the ALMANAC for 21 days. If not completely satisfied, return it for a complete refund.

Acct. # ☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐ Exp. Date _____

_____
Signature

National Journal

MAIL TO: National Journal, 1730 M Street NW, Washington, D.C. 20036
FOR FASTER SERVICE & BULK ORDERS CALL **1-800-424-2921** (in D.C. call 857-1448).

AL08

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

region of Nagorno-Karabakh. While I am making up my mind, Kevork answers his own question, touching my arm in a brotherly fashion. "I know the American people cared very much," he says. Do I look doubtful? Ardashat says, "What Kevork means is the American intelligentsia. Of course the American intelligentsia cared very much."

'Let's Just Talk Faucets'

Another morning, another trip scheduled to the earthquake zone—this time to the town (or former town) of Spitak. But there are problems of transportation. The sudden absence of a tire, or perhaps a wheel. While these are being attended to in an unconvincing way, I run into Bud rushing through the lobby with his salesman's suitcases. "How's the faucet business?" I ask. "It's a nightmare," Bud says cheerfully. "Businesswise, they're in the Stone Age here. But I've finally made contact with some of their technical people. One of their top honchos. In fact, I've got a meeting in a few minutes. Want to come along?" Bud checks his watch. "Don't mind carrying that, do you?" I pick up a suitcase that seems filled with bricks. "Faucet parts," explains Bud. Off we go, Bud carrying the other satchel. Spitak can wait, I figure, especially since it's ruins.

A ministerial car takes us to a gloomy building on the outskirts of Yerevan known as the Technological Center. At least, according to Bud. "Maybe it's only a technical center," he says once inside. It is full of marble and the usual dust balls on the floor, and with three elevators, none of which work. Bud is undismayed. "I sense we're going to make a deal here," he says as we climb the stairs.

On the second floor we are met by three men in black suits, each one clearly a honcho. They shake Bud's hand and then my hand in firm ministerial style and announce that they will take us first to their "display center."

"I don't think I need to see any display center," says Bud. "Let's just talk faucets."

"Of course, we will talk faucets," says what is apparently the senior minister with a cloudy smile. "Faucets are the easy part. First, we will show you our manufactures."

Off we march down a long corridor—more marble, more dust balls. Through one door, tightly locked. The door is unlocked with much bravura by an underling. Another door, another lock. Then we are inside a darkened room. A light is switched on. "I'll be damned," says Bud. We have apparently stumbled into some kind of Soviet version of a gigantic Caribbean bazaar. Shelves from floor to ceiling filled with the most amazing bric-a-brac. Little plastic sandals in day-glo colors. Kiddy toys on the order of shovels and pails. Hula hoops. Very many brass light fixtures of garish design. Glassware. Nightmare table lamps. Many, many little metal trays.

My heart sinks. Even though I am not here to do serious business, these are my kinsmen after all—both the ministers and the invisible workers in this bizarre establishment who have produced such a treasury of unparalleled junk. I trudge behind Bud who is trying to maintain a positive tone. "Goddamn, I've never seen so many metal trays in my life," he says. The senior minister beams at us and beckons us through another door. Now we are in a conference chamber, very large and long. Portraits of Lenin and Gorbachev. A vast table of shiny wood. Chairs of apparent Spanish design. We sit down in serious conference fashion, they on one side, Bud and I on the other. Bud asks for the suitcase, opens it, and places on the table a cardboard box with "World's Best Faucet" printed on it.

"First we have some pastry," says the senior minister.

Two large women appear with indeed trays of pastries, then bowls of tangerines, then bottles of vodka, then apples, then bottles of cognac. Glasses are filled. Toasts are proposed and drunk: *Perestroika* and so on. After the third ministerial toast, Bud starts to unpack the box. The senior minister immediately seizes two of the larger parts and hands them to his colleagues, who examine them in what strikes me as a nontechnological, or even nontechnical, fashion by rubbing their hands over the surfaces.

"You give us these," says the senior minister, "and we will manufacture the rest."

Bud looks doubtful but he pushes the box toward the ministers. Inside it are dozens of little plastic bags, each one containing a faucet part—a washer or plastic ring or valve. The three ministers dip into the box like children, pull out the plastic bags, inspect their contents with a quick glance, smile and say, "You give us this one, too." One hour later, much of the cognac and vodka have disappeared, also some of the pastries, though none of the apples and tangerines, and it is clear that the ministers have no plans to manufacture any of the faucet parts, or indeed to manufacture any faucets, but wouldn't mind being handed a couple of thousand of the finished product, as a gift. On the way back to the hotel I ask Bud if he's discouraged. "I still believe in *perestroika* even if they don't," he says. "Next time, I've got to get closer to the top."

'How Can You Live With Yourself?'

There's an unexpected demonstration near the university. The occasion is International Women's Day, and more than a thousand women have assembled in the street. At first, speeches are made by several female candidates for the upcoming Soviet elections, though when a speaker goes on at too great a length the women clap their hands and tell her to shut up. In the background, soldiers and police look on impassively. Demonstrations are supposedly forbidden by martial law, but apparently only male demonstrations. Now the women begin to move off in the semblance of a march, heading toward Abovian Street, which leads to Lenin Square. They are protesting the jailing of the twelve leaders of the Karabakh movement, which happened right after the earthquake. The military aren't sure what to do about this development. Should they keep in the background or try to stop the march? Both tactics are tried but the women shuffle forward anyway, spreading out across Abovian Street, stopping traffic, causing passers-by to raise their right arms in solidarity. Now, a group of several hundred men appear in a side street. They want to protect the women. From what? a fair-haired Soviet Army lieutenant asks one of them. But even as they speak four tanks appear in the distance—no,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

eight—rumbling down the middle of Abovian Street. Also four trucks filled with soldiers and a large weird-looking van that must be a military communications truck.

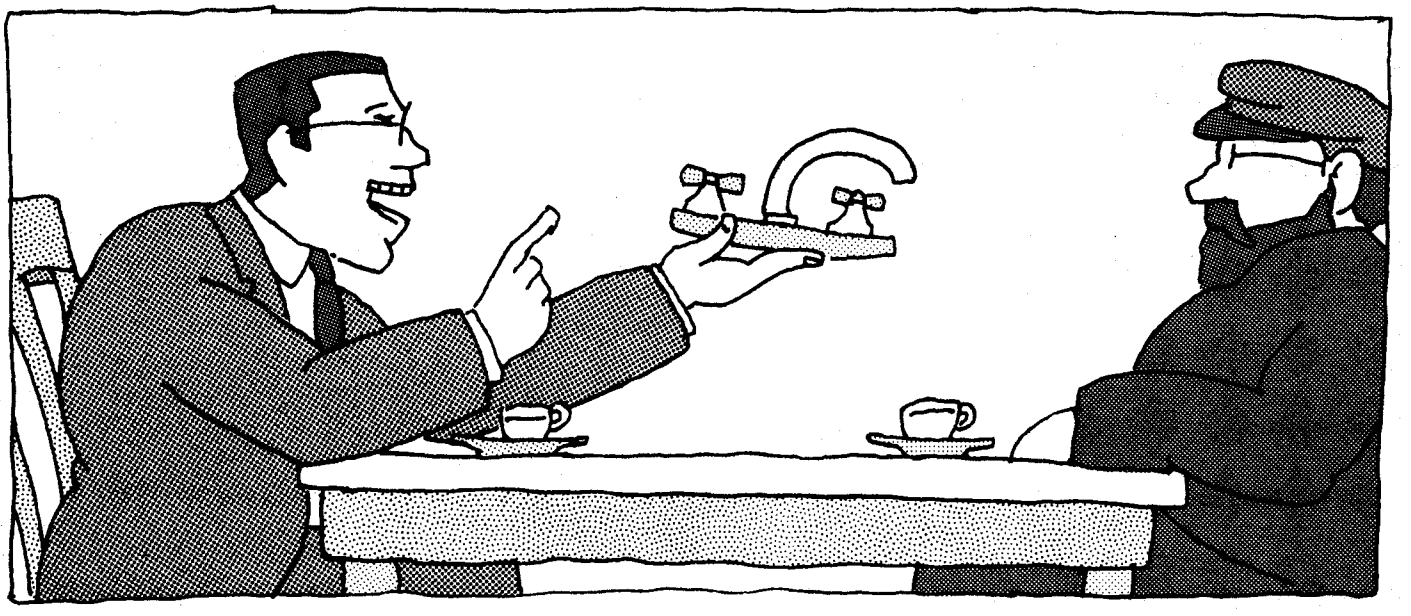
Now the men have something to protect the women from. The soldiers get out of the trucks but keep their distance—young boys from faraway places, they seem, many of them with Asiatic eyes and cheekbones. The tanks stop. Soon the men and the women are milling around in the middle of the street, and even on the sidewalks, talking and gesticulating and now and then pushing at some of the soldiers, but basically going nowhere. "All we want to do is go to the ministry and make our protest," says one of the women. "We don't care what the men do." An army major shakes his head. Prohibited. Nearby, on the sidewalk, are a half-dozen men in typical K.G.B. outfits—black raincoats and hats—as easy to spot in a crowd as our F.B.I. agents. The K.G.B. men are clearly Armenian, as is everyone else in the street except the soldiers. "How can you live with yourself?" a woman yells at one of the K.G.B. men. He shrugs. "That's not an answer," the woman calls back. "What do you expect me to do?" the K.G.B. man says.

We are trying to have dinner in the hotel dining room. The problem isn't the food, which isn't a problem unless one was really expecting something to eat. Rather, it's the deafening blast of antiquated music, an ear-shattering mishmash of early 1970s disco, Armenian-style, as some might say, which comes from a sweaty, sequined group on stage and appears to be greatly enjoyed by our fellow diners—who appear to be Armenian yuppies. They throng the dance floor, clapping their hands above their heads—men dancing with women, men dancing with men, women dancing with women. "Black market trash," says Ardashat. Miriam says she wants to go to Karabakh. Vartan the architect says he wants to go to Karabakh. Everyone wants to see Karabakh—this symbol of our people, this politically explosive autonomous region. "Of course you must go," says Ardashat. "But it's impossible. No visitors have been allowed into Karabakh. Not even Tom Brokaw."

The Mille-feuille Effect

An exhibition of drawings at the Pedagogical Institute. These are drawings made by some of Dr. Alexeyev's charges. A 9-year-old girl whose feet have been amputated draws pictures of a young girl with two clear, rounded stumps instead of feet who is skipping rope. The girl in the drawing is high in the air, as if soaring above the ground with her footless legs. A boy without any legs draws a picture of a boy without legs jumping a horse over a stream. Many of the children have taken their pens or crayons and simply filled the page with chaotic scrawls. They title these pictures "Earthquake."

I travel out to Spitak in the earthquake zone with Ardashat and Vartan, who is trying to put together a report of construction recommendations. Spitak is about a half-hour drive east of Leninakan, closer to the mountains. It was a much smaller town, perhaps 30,000 inhabitants, but it was closer to the epicenter of the earthquake. Now there is nothing there. No, that's not altogether true. As you come over a hill, heading down a small valley toward Spitak, what you see in the distance, where Spitak used to be, are scattered piles of rubble: a city plan where the buildings are represented by flattened squares of debris. There are no structures still standing in Spitak, unless you count a few houses where the crumbled fragment of a single wall remains. Vartan is scrambling around examining the broken concrete. Nobody seems to be trying to clear up the mess; after all, who would build another Spitak here? "Goddamn, they did so many things wrong," he says. "First, they used volcanic ash in their cement—cutting costs, of course. Only volcanic ash has a chemical reaction that makes it unbind from concrete. They didn't pour the concrete continuously. Didn't stir it. They never reinforced their columns laterally. Worst of all, their ceilings—they built these apartment buildings, ten stories, fourteen stories, following the accepted Moscow construction practices, not really attaching the floor above to the columns that were meant to support it. They just made a little ledge—a shelf—on one side of the columns and set the floor on the ledge. All the way up. Little



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ledges. So, when the quake hit, all the floors came crashing down together. The French call it the *mille-feuille* effect."

"The what?" says Ardashat.

"It's a French pastry," says Vartan, sitting on a broken piece of concrete with a wild look in his eye.

We're over at the university late one evening talking politics. "At least it's something that we can do this," says Kevork. "I hate that attitude," says Levon, a mathematician. "Why should we be happy to be doing something we should have been able to do anyway?"

"You're a firebrand," says Kevork, as if explaining him.

"No, I'm not," says Levon. "I don't want anybody killed. I live under the Armenian curse. I believe in the idea of acting justly. Of course, it's so foolish and naïve, this notion that a person who acts justly carries an umbrella over his head, protecting him from the elements. But it's the only thing worth believing in, isn't it?"

Later, Kevork talks about the Karabakh committee—the twelve men, mostly teachers and professional people and so on, who guided the demonstrations before the crackdown. "You know, it started as an ecological movement, very small, to protest the pollution—all those chemical plants the central government has dumped in our country, the nuclear power plant designed by the same genius who designed Chernobyl. Then Karabakh asked for our support and that became a bigger issue. And then the Azerbaijani Turks massacred our people in Sumgait and that became a much bigger issue still."

"And then came the earthquake," says Levon, "and Gorbachev flew in from Bloomingdale's, all tears and sensitivity, and used this moment of national calamity to put all the committee members in jail."

"Gorbachev's not so bad," says Kevork.

"Who knows?" says Levon. "He's the only hope we have. But he put our best people in jail—these dangerous professors and writers. Nobody knows where they are. In Moscow probably. Not even their families have been allowed to see them."

Soon it's close to midnight and the gathering starts to break up. "I hate the curfew," says Kevork. "Everyone hates the curfew," says Levon.

'Are We in Russia or What?'

Visitors from outer space show up one morning in the lobby of the Hotel Armenia. Swimmers. Some months or years ago, at any rate before the earthquake, an international swimming competition was scheduled to take place in Yerevan, and so here they are, swimmers from many lands, unbelievably youthful and fit, standing around in their jumpsuits amid the haggard French doctors and weary Italian and American relief people, radiating prettiness and self-absorption like a magic force. I hear two Team U.S.A. girls in discussion at the newsstand, which is always closed and has nothing to sell anyway. "*Armenia*?" says one of them. "I mean, are we in Russia or what?"

"Coach says they were in the news," says the other. "Floods."

"Oh, God," says the first.

At this point, Bud heaves into view, not going out but coming in, still lugging his suitcases—the spirit of what made America great in the glory days before too much prettiness and the Japanese. "I'm off to Karabakh," he says.

It's true. Bud has gained entree to the mysterious region, forbidden even to Tom Brokaw. At noon, a plane is to fly him to Stepanakert—the capital of Karabakh—there to meet with no less a honcho than Arkady Volsky, Gorbachev's new man in charge. "You want to come?" he says. Of course I do. Miriam and Vartan also want to come. Conveniently, an aide from the trade ministry has been hovering in the background, surrounded by swimmers, clutching an armful of Bud's brochures on bathroom faucets. Miriam is given the brochures to hold, and the aide is dispatched to a telephone to negotiate new arrangements with those in charge. Apparently, it works. Even the aide is surprised. "I guess 'joint venture' is the password around here," says Bud.

We head off to the airport in a ministerial van. "Should I have packed something?" Miriam asks. "It's only a short hop across the border," says Vartan. Clearly, none of us know much about where we are going. Once at the airport we are sequestered in what is said to be the V.I.P. lounge—a forlorn chamber containing a few pieces of ancient hotel furniture, a two-month-old German newspaper and the usual dust balls. A portly minister joins us. Then there is much waiting and ministerial telephoning. It seems that when Gorbachev removed Armenian-populated Karabakh from Azerbaijani governance by installing Volsky, he still left a couple of aspects of Karabakhi life in the control of Azerbaijan—mineral rights are said to be one, which doesn't concern us here, but air traffic control is another. Thus, our flight is being held up, neither by the tower in Yerevan nor the tower in Karabakh 100 miles away, but by the tower in Baku, 300 miles away. "They say there's fog," says the minister's aide. "It's a very Turkish attitude," says the minister. An hour later we are released from the V.I.P. lounge, bused to a far corner of the airport and loaded into not a plane but a helicopter—a big, old-fashioned military contraption, which seems to be missing several pieces of its fuselage and carries a large drum of gasoline inside the cabin.

'Worse Than Stone Age'

Our flight is quite marvelous and terrifying. First of all, it is now clear that Karabakh, though very near Armenia, is more or less inaccessible by any reasonable form of transport. For well over an hour we fly above a jagged expanse of snowcapped mountains, sometimes high, sometimes low, as when our pilot decides to drop down into a canyon to scare some sheep. Below us, periodically visible, is a road, *the* road—a primitive affair winding its way through the mountains by means of endless switchbacks.

We fly over an ancient monastery perched on a rocky promontory. Later, a cliffside filled with caves. Another deserted church, snow-covered. The pilot chews on a cheese sandwich and periodically skims the ground. Once we drop almost perpendicularly into a ravine and follow a twisting muddy river for a while—the scenic route.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Eventually, Stepanakert. There's lots of grass where we land. The wind is blowing. Wherever we are, it feels way up there, up in the sky, like Quito.

Several hundred people seem to be waiting at the tiny airport when we debark. Men in thick suits and women in black dresses. Serious country faces. A stillness everywhere. "Why the crowd?" asks Vartan. "I think to see you," says the minister.

We let Bud lead the way, since this is his deal, so to speak. It's true, the crowd is there for our arrival. Can Volsky really be that interested in faucets? "I don't see much industrial development around here," says Bud. Numerous cars have been provided to take us to Communist Party headquarters, at least one for each of us, also a yellow police car that leads our odd cortege through the streets, blasting its siren whenever an oncoming vehicle approaches, and sometimes forcing it off the road.

Party headquarters are huge and underpopulated. Volsky awaits us in another of those conference chambers—a red carpet, long, shiny wood table, chairs of eccentric design, this time no dust balls.

Volsky is about 50, smooth of face, a little bulky, wears a tight blue suit with vest. He is attended by several Russian aides, the Armenian Mayor of Stepanakert, and two men in gray suits whom he describes as engineers. "I've never been in a country where so many people are described as engineers," says Bud under his breath.

Might we be about to start a meeting without cakes and cognac and so on? Everyone is seated at the impressive shiny table, Bud with his faucet box right in front of him, all the ministers and engineers with grave expressions. But then in come the women and the cakes and cognac and vodka and of course apples and tangerines. Interminable toasts. Then we are summoned to our feet to tour a factory.

"Is that the place where we could make the faucets?" says Bud.

"It's a possibility," says Volsky.

The factory is something from another era. Ancient machinery clinking and clanking, huffing and puffing, attended in only the most nominal sense of the word by amiable sleepy workers. One such young woman is slowly feeding a strip of metal into a gargantuan stamping machine out of which emerges a leisurely procession of imperfectly made little forks. "Can you believe it?" Bud loudly whispers to Vartan. "This is worse than Stone Age. It's Third World."

Sadly, this seems true. But worse is to come. Since another factory inspection looms on the schedule, Miriam asks instead to visit the hospital. I go back with her into town, this sprawling, strangely hushed Armenian town in the mountains, with its trees and tiny gardens and a few pleasant buildings and an overall air of time having stopped—and in a not very good way—some while ago. The hospital is a disgrace or a disaster, depending on how you choose to see these things. Far more backward than anything in Armenia. The stench is overpowering. There's little attempt at sanitation. No equipment. No medical supplies to speak of. Linen gets changed every three weeks. Broken windows are mended with cardboard. Morose and

GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY:

SALE TO BENEFIT THE RESETTLEMENT OF SALVADORAN REFUGEES

partial list

AHEARN
ARTSCHWAGER
BENDER
BENGLIS
CHRISTO
CLEMENTE
FRANCIS
GEHRY
GOLUB
GRAVES
GROOMS
HARING
HEILMANN
HOLZER
JAAR
JUAREZ
KEARNS
KOSUTH
LEWITT
LONGO
MENDIETA
MULLICAN
OLDENBURG
ONO
OPPENHEIM
PFAFF
QUINONES
RAUSCHENBERG
RINGGOLD
ROTHENBERG
RUSCHA
SERRANO
SHERMAN
SIMPSON
SPERO
WEGMAN

APRIL 29 – MAY 6

LEO CASTELLI 578 BROADWAY NEW YORK

RECEPTION APRIL 28 BY RESERVATION (212) 941-7962

A special project of the NEST Foundation:
raising humanitarian aid for communities in El Salvador

• WANTED •

STUDENT REPRESENTATIVES to help spread the word about *The Nation*, sell subscriptions and earn extra cash.

For more information call or write:

Jay Pearsall
72 Fifth Avenue
New York, NY 10011
(212) 242-8400

CASSETTE TAPES AVAILABLE

TWO VIEWS OF THE ISRAELI–PALESTINIAN CONFLICT

EDWARD SAID
Parr Professor of English and Comparative Literature, Columbia University

MERON BENVENISTI
Former Deputy Mayor of Jerusalem, Director, West Bank Data Project

Tapes of this *Nation*/New School event are now available. Each two-tape set is $20. Send check or money order payable to The Nation Institute to: "Two Views," The Nation Institute, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

shivering patients lie about in beds covered by a single filthy sheet. An Armenian doctor says, "We've been under the Azerbaijani government all these years. No money for our hospitals, no money for our schools. I'm so embarrassed you should see us like this, but it's how things are."

We rejoin the group in Volsky's office. Bud is still trying to talk about faucets, but Volsky has launched into a discussion of grapes, of which they have plenty in Karabakh, also wine, which they send somewhere else to be bottled. "What we need," he says, "is a bottling plant."

"We don't do bottling plants," says Bud.

"Not a plant for making the bottles," says Volsky. "We already have the bottles. A plant for putting wine into the bottles."

"We don't do that either," says Bud.

He opens up the faucet box and starts laying the stuff on the table. Volsky picks up one of the pieces. "Maybe we could make some of it here and do the aluminum parts some other place."

"We don't use aluminum," says Bud.

"Of course," says Volsky.

"Comrade Volsky is himself an engineer and so understands the problem as a specialist," says one of his aides.

Volsky picks up the faucet part again. "This is so complicated," he says. "What we need is something simple, for the people. Things for which you need only a stamping press."

"Operating a stamping press isn't so simple," says Bud.

"What about a bottling plant?" says Volsky.

"I told you we don't make bottling plants."

"We could use it also for our honey and for our red currant jam." Volsky is standing. Glasses and plates lie everywhere around us. Bud has started to put the faucet parts back in the box.

"You also need hospital supplies," says Miriam.

"Oh, *yes*," Volsky says. He sits down again. Puts his head in his hands. "We need everything."

Not altogether unexpectedly, our helicopter doesn't—can't or won't—leave that night. So we stay in Stepanakert. There is no hotel, so we are put up, very kindly, in apartments of the town's leading citizens. Bud and I are billeted with the manager of the power company and his wife, a doctor. We are given their small room. They sleep with the children. It's close quarters even for traveling men. Cold outside and in. Bud tosses and turns as if dreaming of faucets. In the middle of the night, he gets up and stands at the window. "What are you looking at?" I ask. "Nothing," he says. He goes back to bed. "I feel so fucking sorry for these guys," he says.

'A House and a Red BMW'

Back in Yerevan, our Armenian friends are happy that we have been to Karabakh. "Isn't it beautiful?" says Kevork. Ardashat says, "Did you know that Soviet Marshal Bagramian came from Karabakh, also twenty-four official heroes of the Soviet Union?"

"It's very poor," says Vartan.

"I know," says Kevork. "But it gets so green in the springtime. So many apples and grapes. Anyway, what is it to be rich? Here we are rich in stones and rocks and earthquake victims. Here, all the young people want to go to Los Angeles. They call it 'Los.' 'When I get to Los,' they say, 'I will have a house and a red BMW.'"

Bud has left. Miriam is busy drawing up a list of needed medical equipment. Vartan and I visit the monument on one of the hills above Yerevan. Actually, we had meant to go to the soccer stadium, but a Soviet tank was rerouting traffic and we got lost. "Let's go to the monument," said Vartan. So we did. Two Armenian guys from America paying our respects, so to speak. There's a Stonehenge-like circle of great black granite columns. An eternal flame honoring the dead in the great genocide in Turkey of 1915 and 1916. A wind is blowing. Spring seems to have vanished for the time being. Vartan stands in front of the eternal flame, clasping and unclasping his hands. "Do you think we are an unlucky people?" he says.

"I don't know," I say.

"I just hate it when people talk that way," he says angrily. "My brother, my mother, they're always saying to me, 'We're so unlucky, we're such an ill-fated people!' I tell them, 'What's the matter with you? We're alive, aren't we, in a country only two hundred years old, everybody already scared to death of their own shadow, and here we are, a people that's been around three thousand years, surviving—hell, doing better than surviving—going strong.'"

"That's a good thought, Vartan," I say. I like Vartan. I bet he is a good architect in Chicago and doesn't put up buildings where fourteen floors are going to crash to the ground simultaneously like a French pastry. I think of the girl without feet who drew the picture of the girl without feet, skipping rope, flying in the air.

We are walking away from the monument, back toward the steps going down—to our car, the hotel, home, the future. "I tell them that," says Vartan quietly, "and then I go back about my business, and then I spend half the energy of my life trying to believe it."

Three Soviet soldiers are standing together at the bottom of the steps. Young boys with dun-colored flak jackets. Two with tanned faces. Afghanistan sunburns? Vartan has fished into his pocket—for what? Cigarettes. He looks at the pack, then at the soldiers. Then hands it to one of them. "It's a funny thing, I'd just started to smoke again," he says as we walk toward our car. □

THE NATION PUBLISHING INTERNSHIPS

The Nation Institute in cooperation with *The Nation* sponsors a comprehensive intern program for students and recent college graduates interested in magazine journalism. Applicants should send a cover letter and résumé, two writing samples and two recommendations to: The Nation Internship Program, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOUR MORE QUESTIONS

A Seder for Peace In the Mideast

ARTHUR WASKOW

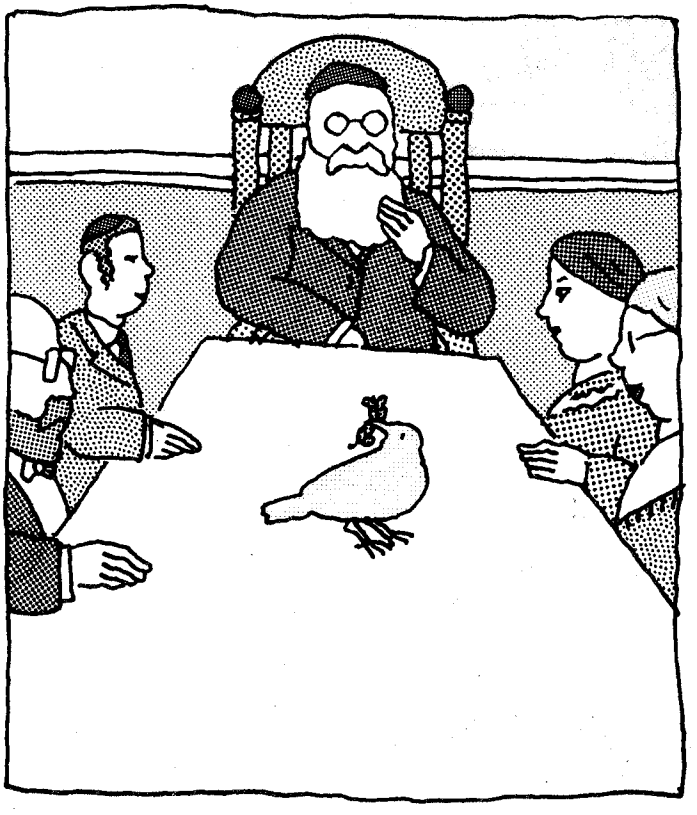
Twenty years ago, *Ramparts* published my "Freedom Seder"—a new Haggadah for Passover in which I wove the traditional text together with new passages from Martin Luther King Jr., Allen Ginsberg, Emanuel Ringelblum of the Warsaw ghetto uprising and other modern figures who had addressed the issues of freedom for blacks in America, peace with the Vietnamese people and the nature of violence and nonviolence. The Freedom Seder examined the meaning of liberation in our own generation. It roused a storm among American Jews—some were outraged by it, some passionately committed to it. Family seders came alive in heated argument as the generations wrestled over the old text and the new.

For me, the Freedom Seder became a gateway to serious Jewish study, practice and prayer. When it was published, I was a fellow at the Institute for Policy Studies. As a result of the Freedom Seder, I now teach at a rabbinical college and direct the Shalom Center, a national institute for Jewish thought and action that seeks to prevent a nuclear holocaust. Today I regard some aspects of the Freedom Seder in about the way I imagine a venerable Kabbalistic scholar might look back on his bar mitzvah speech: an honorable beginning, but naïve.

It turned out that the Freedom Seder was one sign of a much larger phenomenon: Over the past twenty years, a vital and growing movement for Jewish renewal has developed on many fronts in North America. (By "Jewish renewal," I mean drawing on the whole mosaic of the Jewish past in order to wrestle with it and transform it, as distinct from what might be called "Jewish restoration," an effort to return to one specific Jewish life path, the yeshiva world of 200 years ago.) The secular left has paid little attention, preferring to bemoan and attack the rightward drift of many establishment Jewish organizations. Yet during this period have emerged the Jewish Fund for Justice, the Shefa Fund and the New Israel Fund—all oriented toward new uses for Jewish fund-raising to support progressive projects in the United States and Israel; the Shalom Center and Shomrei Adama (Guardians of the Earth), bringing Jewish thought to bear on peace and environmental issues; New Jewish Agenda and *Tikkun* and *Genesis 2*, merging radical analysis with Jewish concern; and the P'nai Or Religious Fellowship and a Jewish feminist cluster called B'not Eysh, both exploring Jewish analogues of liberation, creation and feminist theologies and the fusion of spiritual depth with political action. In the past few years, these organizations have helped spark the beginning of a liberal renaissance in even such mainline Jewish groups as the American Jewish Congress, the American Jewish Committee and the Reform synagogue movement.

Among Jewish progressives, the method of the Freedom Seder—going back to ancient sources in order to draw on them in new ways and come to new conclusions—has been far more important than its specific content. As the traditional Haggadah says, "In every generation, all human beings must look upon ourselves as if we, not our ancestors only, come forth from slavery." The movement for Jewish renewal has developed many old/new rituals and innovations, including new approaches to Passover itself. The Shalom Center helped organize seders on the desert in Nevada at the edge of the nuclear weapons testing sites and at the nuclear weapons factories in Hanford, Washington, which culminated in civil disobedience. New Jewish Agenda gathered three new Haggadahs—one of them dealing with the collision of Palestinians and Israelis—and published them as *The Shalom Seders* (Adama Books).

This year, the *intifada* in the West Bank and Gaza has moved many progressive Jewish organizations to support the growing Israeli peace movement. They include Friends of Peace Now, New Jewish Agenda, Labor Zionist Alliance, Americans for Progressive Israel and others that have come together in the Passover Peace Coalition to organize a rally in Dag Hammarskjöld Plaza at the United Nations on April 16, the Sunday before Passover. The rally will urge the Israeli government to negotiate with the Palestine Liberation Organization for a peace settlement leading to a self-determining Palestinian community in the West Bank and Gaza (for rally information call 212-727-9280).



Arthur Waskow is director of the Shalom Center and teaches at the Reconstructionist Rabbinical College in Philadelphia.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Nation Reprint Mart.

The Nation's 120th Anniversary Issue: Looking at the United States

Writers and politicians from around the world reflect on modern America in our 120th anniversary issue: Margaret Atwood, Abolhassan Bani-Sadr, Benazir Bhutto, Willy Brandt, E.L. Doctorow, Slavenka Drakulich, Rachel Eytan, Carlos Fuentes, Christopher Hitchens, George Konrad, Jack Lang, Penny Lernoux, Michael Manley, Wang Meng, Margaret Chant Papandreou, Salman Rushdie, E.P. Thompson, Gore Vidal and Yevgeny Yevtushenko. Also: Penn Kimball's analysis of the F.B.I.'s 60-year surveillance of *The Nation*. 120-page issue. **This issue only, $4.** (March 22, 1986)

Gorbachev's Soviet Union: After Two Years

A star-studded cast of scholars, writers and émigrés consider the subject in the perspectives of history, of change and of current policy. These articles go far beyond *glasnost*. They cover the challenges facing Gorbachev, including political succession, the domestic economy, foreign policy, relations with the West and U.S. reaction. A distinguished contribution. *(June 13, 1987)*

The Rise and Decline of Accuracy in Media

Michael Massing reports on AIM's effect on journalists and concludes that AIM is a paper tiger. Alan Wolfe reflects on AIM's agenda and argues that its concerns are ideological. *(September 14, 1986)*

Beyond Westmoreland: The Right's Attack on the Press

Walter Schneir and Miriam Schneir provide a valuable overview of the New Right's campaign against the media. They show how the Westmoreland trial fits into a strategy to curtail the independence of the press. *(March 30, 1985)*

Facing South Africa

In this realistic assessment of the struggle for liberation, Andrew Kopkind explores the brutal banalities of the South African system. Using interviews gathered during a journey through the region, he presents readers with a wide-angle view of a society in ferment and leaves no doubt as to the situation's volcanic potential. Also: David Lewis's article "At the Gates of the Laager." *(November 22, 1986)*

K.A.L. 007: What the U.S. Knew and When We Knew It

This issue raises serious questions about the U.S. role in the downing of Korean Air Lines Flight 007. David Pearson's study argues that U.S. authorities at the highest level knew the airliner was off course much earlier than they have admitted and that the questions raised by the official versions of the story can only be resolved by a Congressional inquiry. *(August 18/25, 1984)*

K.A.L. 007: Unanswered Questions

This issue updates the ground-breaking K.A.L. story from the year before. David Pearson, John Keppel and David Corn analyze new Japanese radar data, examine a Nation Institute-sponsored review, by aviation experts, of the final airliner transmission and describe the government's efforts to obstruct investigation. *(August 17/24, 1985)*

Myths of the Middle East

This special issue of *The Nation* is devoted to breaking the logomachy jam in the Israeli-Palestinian conflict by subjecting the emotion-sodden rhetoric that weighs down current thinking to a blast of fresh ideas. *(December 5, 1981)*

The Campaign to Smear the Nuclear Freeze Movement

Frank Donner offers a provocative analysis and thorough documentation of the outrageous attempts by right wingers in media, Congress and the Administration to discredit the nuclear freeze movement, charging that it is inspired and manipulated by the Soviet Union. *(November 6, 1982)*

Nuclear Samizdat

What do Russians think about the nuclear arms race? Two prominent Marxist dissidents, historian Roy A. Medvedev and his brother, biologist Zhores A. Medvedev, provide with clarity the unofficial viewpoint rarely found in the American Press. *(January 16, 1982)*

Disarmament: Covering the Unthinkable

Richard Pollak takes a critical look at the media coverage of indisputably the most important issue facing mankind; Michael Kazin gives a brief history of the birth of the freeze movement; and David Corn presents a useful directory of organizations working on the disarmament issue. *(May 1, 1982)*

The New Arms Technology

From the catapult to particle beam weapons, the engineering of death has concentrated more attention and resources than any other human endeavor. Nine experts explore and explain arms technology—both conventional and nuclear—and trace the political decisions that have led us closer to Armageddon than ever before. *(April 9, 1983)*

Central America

Appearing just after the controversial Kissinger report in January 1984, the special issue on Central America offered a strong refutation of the Administration's views. The arguments still hold. Highlighted by Walter LaFeber's overview, William LeoGrande's analysis of the domestic political fallout and Peter Davis's compelling firsthand report on the Nicaraguan revolution, the issue is important and informative. *(January 28, 1984)*

Latin America: A Political Guide

SOLD OUT

An invaluable survey of thirty-three Latin American countries by Penny Lernoux, *The Nation*'s award-winning Latin America correspondent. *(August 22/29, 1981)*

El Salvador

A compilation of *Nation* articles on Central America and El Salvador, including an early debunking, by James Petras, of the famed "White Paper." *(1980-1981)*

Back Issues of The Nation

These and other back issues of *The Nation* (except the 120th anniversary issue) 1981 to the present (when available), are $3 each.

THE NATION REPRINT MART ORDER FORM

REPRINTS (each title)	Qty.	Name	Total
1-9: $3.00 ea.			
10-49: $2.00 ea.			
50-99: $1.50 ea.			
100-249: $1.25 ea.			
250 or more: $1.00 ea.			
BACK ISSUES $3.00 each		Date	
		Date	

N.Y. residents add appropriate sales tax _____

Total Enclosed _____

SEND TO:

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ **State** _____ **Zip** _____

Mail check or money order to Nation Reprints, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011. **Prepayment is required. All reprint sales final.**

Foreign orders (including Canada): Add $1 per issue. Payment must be made with an international money order (no service charge) or from a U.S. dollar account (add service charge: Canada, $5; all others, $15).

NR8916

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Passover Peace Coalition asked me to write an additional Four Questions, in the style of the traditional Four Questions of the Seder, that would be especially appropriate for the rally and for family and community seders this year. It follows, in honor and celebration of the twenty years of Jewish renewal since the Freedom Seder was first published.

PASSOVER 5749: FOUR MORE QUESTIONS
A Passage to be Read in the Passover Haggadah
After the Tale of the Five Rabbis in B'nei B'rak

Let us therefore tonight expand upon the story of our deliverance from slavery by asking:

Why is this Pesach night different from every other Pesach night?

Because on every other Pesach night, we call out to another people, "Let our people go!"—and tonight another people calls out to us: "Let our people go!"
Tonight the children of Hagar and Ishmael and the children of Sarah and Isaac call out to each other:
We too are children of Abraham!
We are cousins, you and we!
As Isaac and Ishmael once met at the Well of the Living One Who Sees,
So it is time for us to meet—
Time for us to see each other, face to face.
Time for us to make peace with each other.
They met for the sake of their dead father, Abraham;
We must meet for the sake of our dead children—
Dead at each other's hands.
For the sake of our childen's children,
So that they not learn to kill.

And so tonight we must ask ourselves four new questions:

Why does the Torah teach: "When a stranger lives as a stranger with you in your land, you shall not oppress her. The stranger who lives as a stranger with you shall be as one of your citizens; you shall love him as yourself"?

For you were strangers in the Land of Egypt.

Why do we break the matzoh in two?

Because the bread of affliction becomes the bread of freedom—when we share it. Because the Land that gives bread to two peoples must be divided in two, so that both peoples may eat of it. So long as one people grasps the whole Land, it is a land of affliction. When each people can eat from part of the Land, it will become a land of freedom.

Why do we dip herbs twice, once in salt water and once in sweet charoset?

For the tears of two peoples, Israeli and Palestinian; for the sweetness of two peoples, Palestinian and Israeli; for the future of both peoples, who must learn not to repeat the sorrows of the past but to create the joys of the future.

Why is there an egg upon the Pesach plate?

It is the egg of birthing. When we went forth from Mitzrayim [Egypt], the Narrow Place, it was the birthtime of our people, the People of Israel; and today we are witnessing the birth of freedom for another people, the People of Palestine.
When the midwives Shifrah and Puah
Saved the children that Pharaoh ordered them to kill,
That was the beginning of the birthtime;
When God became our Midwife,
And named us Her firstborn,
Though we were the smallest and youngest of the peoples,
The birthing began;
When the waters of the Red Sea broke,
We were delivered.
So today it is our task to help the Midwife Who is birthing a new people;
And thus to birth ourselves anew, as well. □

A NOT SO JOLLY ROGER

The Silencing Of 'Radio Sarah'

DEAN KUIPERS

One night last fall, a radio techie named Allan Weiner and the staff of Radio New York International fired up the transmitters they had installed on a battered Japanese fishing trawler named the Sarah. The D.J. cued up "Come on Down to My Boat" by Every Mother's Son, and station RNI went on the air. Anchored just outside U.S. territorial waters four and a half miles off the coast of Long Beach, New York, RNI kicked out a 5,000-watt signal on 1620 AM—the strongest in alternative rock from Boston to Philadelphia between 9 P.M. and midnight.

The Sarah's D.J.s promised an end to boring classic-rock radio, offering instead rare and underplayed cuts seven nights a week. Weiner says that RNI aimed to promote "peace, love and understanding," baring music's political edge in an age of radio programming calculated by computers. Staff member Peter Menace called their sound "sensitive anarchy." The Federal Communications Commission called it illegal.

RNI was an unlicensed, "pirate" radio station. Weiner, 35, and some two dozen scrappy, self-taught engineers, most of them in their 20s, believed that the Sarah's location and her foreign registry put her beyond the jurisdiction of the F.C.C. They also believed that the 1620 kHz AM frequency, which was unassigned to a commercial station, should be open to public use. But on October 18, four days after RNI went on the air, a Coast Guard cutter stood off the Sarah's port quarter and the following exchange ensued.

"Hailing motor vehicle Sarah: This is Coast Guard 41349. I've got a temporary restraining order from the court to give to you. Request you meet me on deck, skipper." Josh Hale, the Sarah's captain that day, refused. The Coast Guard's

Dean Kuipers frequently writes about rock and roll.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SUBSCRIBING TO OUR PRINCIPLES ISN'T ENOUGH.

YES! I WANT TO SUBSCRIBE TO YOUR MAGAZINE, TOO. Send me 24 issues of *The Nation* for $15, a saving of 64% off the newsstand price and 18% off the regular price. I understand that I may cancel at any time and receive a refund for all unmailed copies.

NAME _____ (Please print)

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

☐ Double my saving. Send me a full year (47 issues) for $28.
☐ My payment is enclosed—reward me with FOUR FREE ADDITIONAL ISSUES!
☐ Please bill me later.

Foreign surface postage: add $7/24 issues, $14/one year.
Air Mail rates available upon request.
Subscriptions payable in equivalent U.S. funds.

THE NATION, BOX 1953, MARION, OH 43305

D9D4SA-6

You should be subscribing to our magazine, too.

Because week in and week out *The Nation* brings you the likes of Katha Pollitt, Edward Sorel and Christopher Hitchens in every issue.

They're not only some of the best writers and illustrators around—they do their best work for us.

The Nation.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Chief Warrant Officer then read the order over the radio and Hale replied: "This is the Sarah. No RNI people are on board. This ship is owned by Atlantic Radio Communications, Limited. That is, I believe, in England." But Dobner persisted. "I'm going to be coming on board and we'll discuss this on your vessel."

Hale panicked. RNI had tried to begin broadcasting once before, in July 1987. The F.C.C. is authorized to seize or dismantle the expensive transmitting equipment used by pirate stations, and on that occasion agents had boarded the ship with guns drawn, arrested everyone and took apart RNI's studio. This time, Hale radioed back that boarding wouldn't be necessary and promised to "discontinue our transmissions until further advisement."

The F.C.C. asserted that it does indeed have the right to control signals broadcast into the United States from international waters—even from ships of foreign registry. More important, the agency also claimed to have the last word on the use of every frequency on the dial, even those that are unassigned. The subsequent court battle between RNI and the government has raged since October. At issue is an interpretation of the First Amendment and the limitations of the Communications Act of 1934, which grants the F.C.C. its powers. Does the First Amendment protect a person's right to broadcast, or a person's right to listen, or both? And how far beyond U.S. borders does that protection, if any, extend?

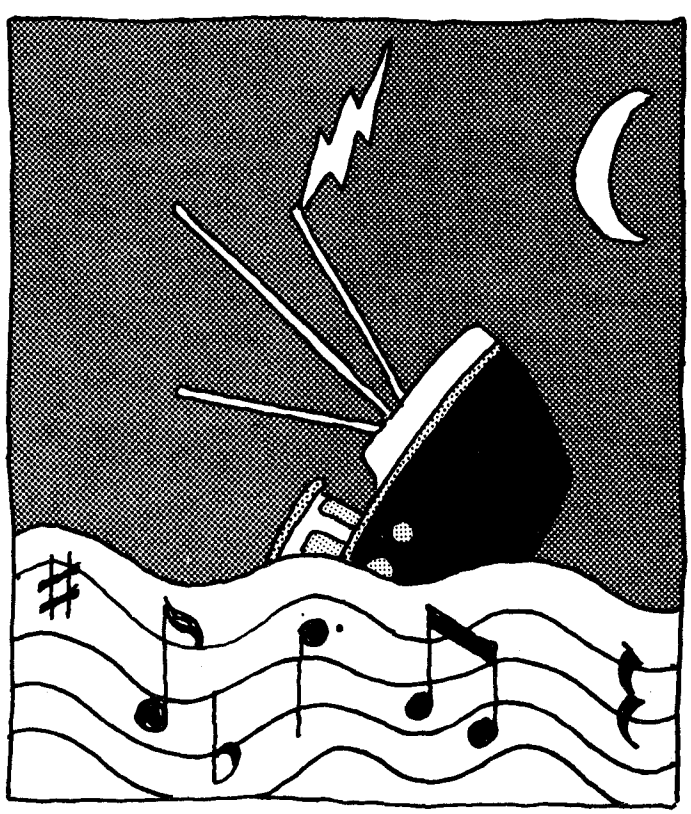
Jeff Young of the F.C.C.'s enforcement division says the agency scuttled a handful of unlicensed stations last year, most of them broadcasting over frequencies that commercial stations leave dormant at night. If tried as felons for obstructing the agency, pirates face fines of up to $250,000 and five years in prison, and their equipment may be seized. Most first offenders are charged with only a misdemeanor and fined $750. But pirate stations are usually set up in basements or garages—not in 170-foot, $50,000 fishing boats like the Sarah, and Weiner contends he has been targeted by the agency because of the Sarah's visibility. He claims that New Yorkers can listen to a "good half-dozen" pirate stations on any given night, and that the F.C.C.'s signal-tracking equipment could easily find them. But they don't bother. Young concedes that there are several "dormitory FM stations" that go on for months unmolested and that the F.C.C. doesn't have the funding to hunt them all down.

Weiner ran his first unlicensed station in 1970 from a basement in Yonkers, New York. He broadcast for a year before the F.C.C. arrested him. In 1981 he built a 3,000-watt country station in Presque Isle, Maine. In 1984 he and Randi Steele, later RNI's program director, started a licensed, 100-watt station in Yonkers. The F.C.C. soon shut them down for licensing violations, which forced Weiner to sell the Maine station also. "Government agencies are these great big blobs," says Weiner. "They think they're God, that they own the airwaves. They dole out the space, they screen the personalities who get licensed. Dammit, I'm tired of them telling me I'm not qualified to run a radio station."

Weiner and his sidekicks bought the rusting, derelict Sarah in 1986 from government surplus and docked her in Boston Harbor. Lawyers, he says, assured him that the F.C.C. had no jurisdiction over broadcast ships of foreign registry that remained outside U.S. territorial waters. So he registered the Sarah in Honduras. European radio pirates had taken to the water in the mid-1960s. Weiner himself once worked on the Caroline, a well-known pirate broadcaster anchored off the coast of England, which has remained relatively unmolested by the British government. Pirate A.B. Nathan has been broadcasting the English-language "Voice of Peace" into Israel and other Middle Eastern countries since 1972, from a 1,000-ton freighter in the Mediterranean. The Sarah is one of three radio ships known to be operating.

Weiner and his pirates spent about eighteen months and $150,000 more of their own money making the Sarah seaworthy and equipping it for commercial radio. The ship's central hold, which for years carried frozen fish, was fitted with four transmitters: a 10,000-watt FM unit, two AM rigs of 1,000 and 5,000 watts and a shortwave unit. The crew also built a two-person broadcast booth, complete with a window, boom microphones, turntables and tape carts, though RNI's initial programming was on reel-to-reel tapes produced in a Long Island studio. They scrubbed away the lingering fish smell and set up living quarters in austere staterooms on the upper deck, trying to ignore the hammering of the ship's diesel generator.

On July 23, 1987, RNI—"Radio Sarah"—caused a sensation with its first broadcasts. Fishermen and pleasure boaters pulled up alongside to offer supplies and make song requests. But such popularity did not endear them to the F.C.C. At dawn on July 28, a squad of agents from the F.C.C.'s enforcement division were ushered onto the Sarah by a Coast



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Guard cutter with its deck guns manned. The agency men boarded without warrants, handcuffed Weiner, Rothstein and visiting *Village Voice* columnist R.J. Smith, and then, according to Weiner, "vandalized" the ship's equipment while he sat on a hatch cover and wept tears of rage.

Lawrence Clance of the F.C.C.'s field operations division maintains that RNI had violated a regulation established by the 1982 convention of the International Telecommunications Union (I.T.U.), which is part of the United Nations. The I.T.U.'s radio regulations prohibit the establishment of broadcast stations outside national territories anywhere on the planet. Military or private-sector exceptions to these regulations must be established by treaty between the countries involved. Because the United States is a signatory to the I.T.U., Clance explains, its regulations were incorporated into U.S. law in 1986 as a section of the Communications Act of 1934. It is thus a petty offense to broadcast from international waters, something the F.C.C. is authorized to police for. "Besides," says Clance, "there is language in the 1934 act which makes it very clear that Congress meant for it to be applied extraterritorially." However, Jeremiah Gutman, Weiner's pro bono attorney in the civil case and an executive board member of the New York Civil Liberties Union, notes: "The fact that the Caroline has broadcast off the coast of England for years, or that A.B. Nathan has been broadcasting into Israel, means that [the courts may have] a problem interpreting international law."

Government attorneys also charged RNI with the more serious offense of obstructing governmental function by sidestepping the F.C.C. That is the felony that comes with five years in prison and up to $250,000 in fines. But in August 1987, Andrew Maloney, the U.S. Attorney for the Eastern District of New York, dropped the charges, apparently because Weiner and Rothstein were the first ever to be indicted under the new statutes. The Sarah was then turned over to Weiner and towed back to Boston Harbor.

The vessel remained docked in Boston for more than a year, undergoing repairs while Weiner got into more legal entanglements, this time with the harbor master over whether the repaired Sarah was in fact seaworthy. Weiner eventually reregistered the craft in Maine to get it out of the harbor. The registration was changed yet again, this time to Sealand, an abandoned artillery fortress about eight miles off the coast of Essex, England. A man named Roy Bates claims the islet as a principality, which he shares with his wife. Neither the United States nor Britain recognizes Sealand's sovereignty. As far as the Federal courts are concerned, the Sarah is still under Maine registry, and fully accountable to the F.C.C. laws governing all U.S. vessels.

Since the F.C.C. shut down RNI the second time last October, the government has shown a curious reluctance to prosecute Weiner and his crew, as it had threatened it would if Weiner went back on the air. Government attorneys asked the court only for a permanent restraining order against RNI: no penalties, no forfeiture of money or equipment. On December 13 in Boston, Federal District Court Judge John McNaught formally ordered RNI silenced for good.

Weiner and Gutman have since appealed that decision. They do not contest the facts. Indeed, Weiner concedes he changed the Sarah's registry and repeated most of the acts he had committed in 1987. He did so hoping to force a reconsideration of the I.T.U. regulations and of what constitutes the basic nature of radio space. "Even though questions of foreign registry and extraterritoriality are important," says Gutman, "my main argument is that the 1605 to 1705 kHz band on the AM radio spectrum is open and protected by the First Amendment. The F.C.C. shouldn't have any say over those frequencies until they are assigned."

However, Judge McNaught ruled that the First Amendment does not apply to radio broadcasting and that the F.C.C. has the right to regulate all radio use in order to guarantee listeners free access to vital information and to protect service channels like police and fire frequencies, as well as commercial stations, from interference. (The AM frequency range between 1605 and 1705 kHz will be opened to commercial bidding in July 1990.) Gutman argues that free speech is curbed by McNaught's interpretation. "It's absurd for the F.C.C. to think that they own the whole spectrum," Gutman argues. "They can't regulate unassigned space. There are plenty of cases concerning people who speak on street corners that say essentially the same thing."

The F.C.C.'s Clance claims that pirates can't be sure that their frequencies are unassigned. The 1605 to 1705 kHz band, for example, is supposedly used for radio reporters' remote broadcasts, directional beams used to guide ships, traveler's information broadcasts and by a few commercial broadcasters. The F.C.C. did not, however, receive any complaints about AM interference generated by RNI.

"Imagine if this were print and they tried to control who had licences to edit or publish their own little magazines or fliers," says Weiner. "Anyone can publish, and that's exactly how it should be. The First Amendment was meant to guarantee a well-informed citizenry. That certainly applies to electronic media." Clance replies, "They can apply for a license and they have every chance of getting one." In some basement, maybe, but clearly not for the Sarah.

"If I was Donald Trump," says the beleaguered pirate, "I'd have my unlicensed station and it would be a big, chic media event – people would call me a maverick entrepreneur. But I'm not. I'm Allan Weiner." □

SUBSCRIBER SERVICES

MOVING?

Send both your old mailing label and your new address to:

THE NATION
P.O. Box 1953
Marion OH 43305

Please allow 4-6 weeks for processing.

PROBLEMS?

If you have any problems or questions regarding your subscription, please write to us at the address to the left, or call:

1-800-669-1002*

8:30 am to 8:30 pm EST

*Please note this number is for subscriber inquiries only.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Writing Against Silence

MARK GEVISSER

SOWETO, MY LOVE: A Testimony to Black Life in South Africa. *By Molopatene Collins Ramusi. Henry Holt & Co. 262 pp. $22.95.*

SOPHIATOWN: Coming of Age in South Africa. *By Don Mattera. Beacon. 151 pp. $15.95.*

South African novelist Andre Brink calls it "writing against silence," the scratching of personal experience onto the slate of South African culture. When you write against silence, you and your work might be erased. But as on a well-used blackboard, the chalk marks of lessons past never fully disappear. *Soweto, My Love* and *Sophiatown* are two new autobiographies that scratch at that moment of South African history when the common practice of racism became codified into law.

Molopatene Ramusi and Don Mattera are black men who came of age at the time of apartheid's official birth. Ramusi, a lawyer and social worker, a tribal elder, is deeply connected to his traditional heritage; Mattera, a poet, is quintessentially urban, a gangster turned activist. Elder and gangster, they record their own, often windmill-tilting battles, offering two highly personal accounts of the entrenchment of apartheid.

Molopatene Ramusi recalls vividly the day in 1948 when his high-school Afrikaans teacher declared that a new word, *apartheid*, had been revealed to the Boers at their national convention the previous week. The teacher "wrote it . . . in capital letters: 'APARTHEID.' Then he moved about six feet away from the board, stood looking at the word and smiled proudly. 'Apartheid,' he said, 'means kaffirs one side, coolies one side, Boesmans one side, whites one side. Do you understand?'"

Boesman, or "bushman," is the derogatory label for South Africans of mixed blood. Don Mattera is one of these: The rainbow child of Tswanas and Italians, he remembers the day in 1955 when he and other classmates of questionable pigment were yanked out of their high-school classroom in Johannesburg and marched off to the racial reclassification courts. "Hey Don," his yellow-skinned friend, "Lovely Boy" Bokera, called to him, "are we going to tell the fokking Boere that our old ladies are darkies?" Mattera remembers surnames being anglicized to avoid Bantu classification—Mabe to Maybee, Radebe to Radbee, Mokwena to McKwenna. He remembers frantic people hurrying off to the barbershop near the court. When he asked why, he was told, "Those bastards in there, those dogs are using matchsticks and pens to classify us! . . . Matchsticks and fokken pens which they run through our hair! And when the pen or matchstick gets stuck, the Boers shout, 'Go to Room 47 and get a pass!'"

Both Mattera and Ramusi chronicle dozens of lives ruined, families split by racial reclassification and the pass laws. Mattera, as a newly classified "colored," enters the chaos of unfamiliar people thrown together, a synthetic new race. Ramusi and his people live and die by the *dompas*, the pass book that dictates migrant laborers' activity to such an extent that a married couple's life together is often reduced to functional "baby-making visits" that violate the pass laws.

While it is true that *Soweto, My Love* offers some inspired descriptions of the shantytowns that were consolidated into the South West Townships in the late 1950s, the memoir should really be called "Molemole, My Love," for it is in this northern Transvaal village, his home, that the author's body and soul reside. As the first Western-educated member of his tribe, Ramusi assumed a profoundly ambiguous position: By introducing tables, chairs, bread and jam into his mother's hut, and a Western-style school into the village, he threw Molemole into turmoil. And he learns the ground rules of the white-dominated world: "Along with our other courses we had etiquette classes which included teaching us how to walk like dignified, educated, cultured men. . . . I was especially delighted by the part about how to treat ladies."

Yet Ramusi retains a very African style. The book is an African geography of a subcontinent usually charted by Europeans—he routes us with African, not European, road signs. Even though, for example, he is one of what Europeans calls the North Sotho people, he never once refers to himself that way, choosing instead "Batlokwa," his clan's name. He also identifies people through the traditional African oral medium of name-praising. Listen, for example, to his description of Nelson Mandela: "He appeared in the Johannesburg Court chained like a wild beast on August 8, 1962, Verwoerd's most wanted man, the royal son of the land, the gentle ruler of men and beasts alike; Mthembu, Dlomo; Dlange; Hala; Zondwa, Vela Zimbentsele; the elephant of Amatola; Madiba intonga; the gentle crocodile from the deep blue waters."

In the African way of history-telling, Ramusi consults with his own elders—tribal chieftains, clansmen working in the city, political leaders—and records their wisdom on Batlokwa heritage, on the inequities of migrant labor and on the need for rebellion. Ramusi does not value the words of a national hero over those of a factory worker living in the Dube Men's Hostel. The latter, in fact, is likely to receive as long a name-praise as Mandela.

Ramusi describes important but less well-known leaders like Sofasonke, the "Zulu warrior" who was one of the first township revolutionaries, and Robert Sobukwe, founder of the Pan Africanist Congress (P.A.C.) and formulator of the ideology that underpinned Steven Biko's Black Consciousness Movement and the uprisings of the 1970s. Delineating the disputes in the late 1950s between the A.N.C. and the then more militant and separatist P.A.C., he comes out strongly on the Pan Africanist side. After graduate study in the United States, however, he returned to South Africa and decided to work within the system. Elected as Molemole's representative to the Lebowa Legislative Assembly, he became the minister of interior and economic affairs for this bantustan of the "North Sotho" peoples.

The chapters in which Ramusi describes his tenure as a bantustan functionary are by far the book's most fascinating. From the description of his government-issue black Mercedes to the record of his struggle against white gov-

This is the first in a series of reviews of books about South African culture and politics that Mark Gevisser will write for The Nation.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

✡✡✡✡✡✡✡

Anglish-Yinglish
Yiddish in American Life and Literature
Gene Bluestein

☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆

From BOYtshick to "money-shmoney," *Anglish-Yinglish* reveals the meaning and derivation of Yiddish words or expressions that have found their way into America's linguistic melting pot, with examples from such writers as Saul Bellow, Philip Roth, Isaac Bashevis Singer, and William Styron.
$22.50 cloth; $9.95 paper

Common Houses in America's Small Towns
The Atlantic Seaboard to the Mississippi Valley
John A. Jakle, Robert W. Bastian, and Douglas K. Meyer

Based on an inventory of seventeen thousand houses in twenty sample towns—from Mattapoisett, Massachusetts, to Port Gibson, Mississippi—*Common Houses* explores how Americans house themselves in the 1980s. The authors establish a new, comprehensive categorization that embraces the full range of houses found at the intersection of rural and urban America.
121 photographs, 77 line illustrations, and 82 maps and charts $50.00 cloth; $25.00 paper.

The University of GEORGIA Press
Athens, Georgia 30602

ernment officials, these pages expose the sheer unwieldiness of a system not only evil but wildly irrational. As a lawyer and as a homeland legislator, Ramusi fought in vain against brutal forced removals of people from their traditional lands. He gives voice to some of the people he tried to defend, whose villages were destroyed even as he was appealing their cases in court. "I cannot leave the graves of my mothers and fathers," one chief said to him. "I cannot go from my ancestral home."

> I visited . . . my father's village, where my widowed mother lived. . . . I looked for the huts and the cattle kraals of my father, but they were gone. Ranhlokana village was gone. . . . The huts were flattened. There was nothing but bulldozed walls, roofs, grass, poles, and debris. Lonely graves stood under dead thorn trees. In every direction I saw bare rocks and creeping lizards. My father's village was dead. Tears circled my eyes. I vowed that if the white government ever touched our villages again I would do everything in my power to stop it.

Don Mattera, too, laments the destruction of his home. *Sophiatown* opens with a chapter titled "Demolition," in which Mattera drags his family to watch the bulldozers. It's almost as if the demolition is a perverse muse; invoking it empowers him to write the book, to fight the system:

> The assault continued. Blow after blow. . . . The two pillars I had often climbed to reach the roof fell towards us and cracked into several pieces, like bones breaking. I looked beyond the pillars and the dust; they symbolized the falling apart and subjugation of our family, of our township and its people. When the roof finally collapsed, I realized that the bulldozers could take apart in a few minutes all that had been built up over the years; over generations and generations of children.

Mattera's bulldozed urban township has a complicated relationship to Ramusi's bulldozed tribal village. It might be Africa sharply dressed in city clothes or Africa in tatters, but it is Africa. It is Sophiatown, the crime-ridden Kofifi, home of South Africa's creole culture. While the authorities were removing black people from "white" land in the country, they were simultaneously razing urban neighborhoods like Sophiatown, multiracial suburbs whose mere existence spat in the face of apartheid. Sophiatown's non-white residents were trucked off to far-flung places in the south and west, and where they had lived was erected a white suburb called Triomf—Triumph. Mattera name-praises the destroyed Sophiatown in much the same way Ramusi name-praises his traditional heritage: "Sophiatown, the city of many faces: kind, cruel, pagan, Christian, Islamic, Buddhist and Hindu, and the face of what was called Law and what was made Criminal. Each face told its own story; held its own secrets and added to the little book that was Kofifi—the little Chicago of Johannesburg."

While Ramusi was undergoing first the rites of the *Bodika* (circumcision school) and then a succession of degrading jobs as a houseboy, Mattera came of age with a knife in his pocket. Abandoned by his family, he joined the *tsotsi*; as leader of the Vultures gang, he fell into that cycle of dehumanization and violence so familiar also to many urban American communities. Mattera analyzes his experience with remarkable clarity. "I carry many marks on my body," he says, "knife and gunshot wounds—reminders of a time when the only heroes we loved and worshipped, feared or emulated were killers." Freedom and justice, he continues, "meant what the streets wanted them to mean. We had seen and heard Luthuli in the Freedom Squares of Newclare and Sophiatown; we had heard Xuma and Nyembezi speak. . . . But to a boy with a knife in his pocket they were just names in the foul air of the ghetto." Freedom and justice, he concludes with a rhetorical flourish, "can only mean something to a boy when that boy has been taught to mean something to himself."

So while Ramusi was studying sociology and law, Mattera was arrested on a murder charge. If Ramusi name-praises his ancestors, Mattera offers us a breathtaking genealogy of township gangs. Ramusi develops a political consciousness in the classroom of a mission school and battles it out in courtroom and bantustan legislature; Mattera, as a respected gang leader, protects A.N.C. women as they canvass his turf. Eventually he becomes an advocate for politicizing and assimilating gangsters "into the mass movement of the Congress," seeking "rehabilitation through politics."

The integration of youth trained in violence into the liberation movement was a crucial step in its radicalization. Recent incidents like township "necklacings" and acts by Winnie Mandela's Football Team have revealed the connections between township gangsters and freedom fighters, but this fact is so often exploited by government propaganda

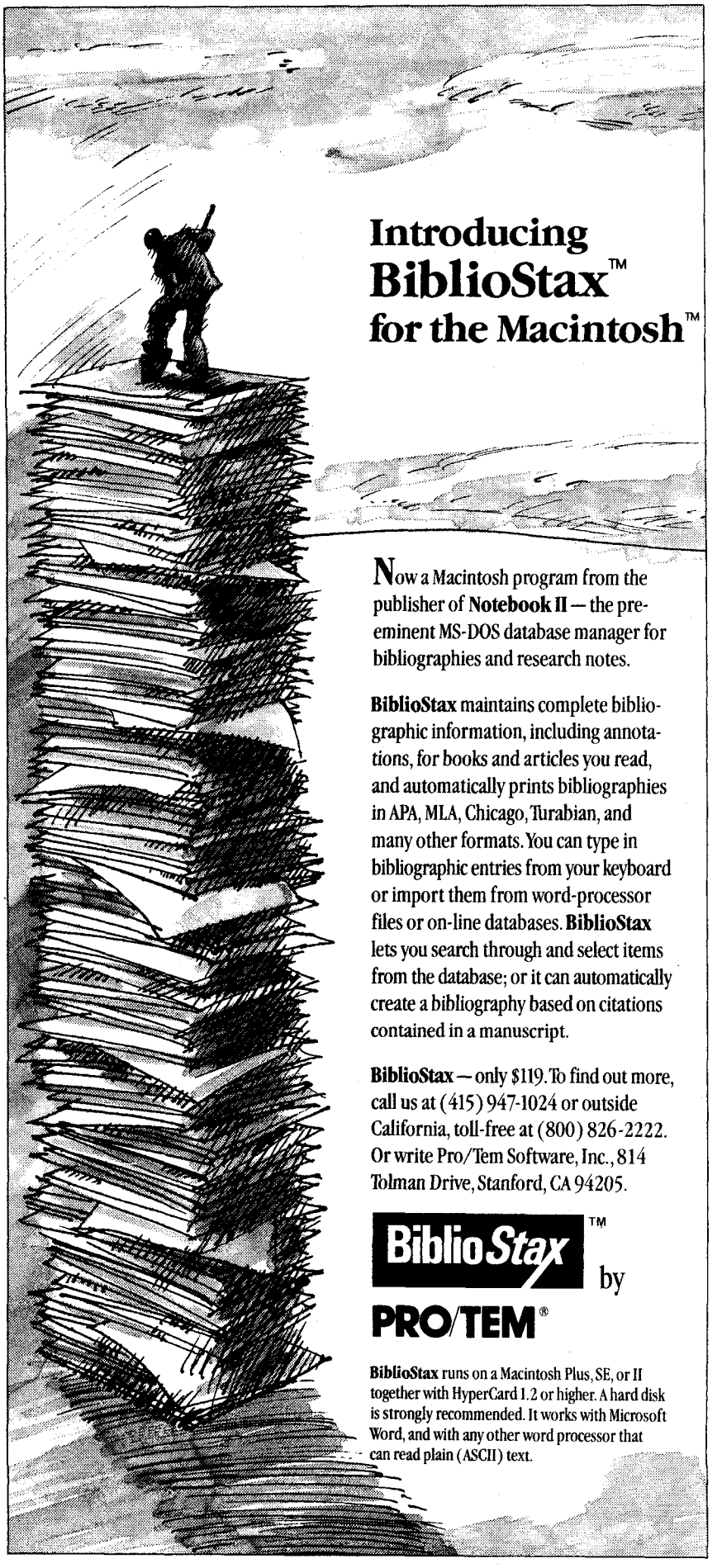
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that supporters of the South African revolution have been reluctant to discuss it. Mattera's candor on the subject is more than refreshing; it's a crucial piece of the story. And there is no doubt about where he places blame—the same system of repression spawns the need for both forms of rebellion.

Both Ramusi and Mattera were radicalized, in very different ways, by the Freedom Movement of the early 1960s. Both were then immobilized in the 1970s. Because of his bucking against the bantustan system, Ramusi was forced into an unhappy exile for eight years. Mattera, who joined the Black Consciousness Movement and helped found the Union of Black Journalists, was banned and placed under house arrest for eight and a half years.

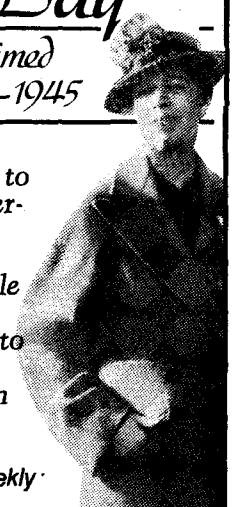
What is perhaps most striking about these two chroniclers is that they are both still alive and still active in South Africa. Their autobiographies are proof that censorship and suspicion have been formative in modern South African culture. There is much that Mattera and Ramusi, living and working within the movement, cannot and will not tell. In his penultimate chapter, Ramusi recounts the murder of his son, an A.N.C. guerrilla nicknamed "General Whirlwind." When his son went underground, Ramusi lost touch with him, and only learned the circumstances of his death years later. There's something mythical about the whole chapter—either because of what Ramusi is withholding or, more likely, because of what he himself does not know. The terror engendered by the current state of emergency has effectively curtailed communication. So, as it reaches the present, Ramusi's narrative unwinds: It becomes vague and obtuse. Mattera circumvents the problem of self-censorship by concluding his narrative where he began it, with the destruction of Sophiatown in the (relatively) safe 1950s. He does not even mention his black consciousness activism in the 1970s.

Nadine Gordimer has written that "we shall not be rid of censorship until we are rid of apartheid." Until such time, the stories of freedom-seeking South Africans are necessarily incomplete: They are built on halfnesses and darknesses, on signifying rather than saying. It is true that the pressures of censorship and retribution empower Ramusi and Mattera to an extent, with circumventive creativity. In a culture of siege, figurative language replaces free speech. □


Introducing
BiblioStax™
for the Macintosh™
Now a Macintosh program from the publisher of Notebook II — the pre-eminent MS-DOS database manager for bibliographies and research notes.
BiblioStax maintains complete bibliographic information, including annotations, for books and articles you read, and automatically prints bibliographies in APA, MLA, Chicago, Turabian, and many other formats. You can type in bibliographic entries from your keyboard or import them from word-processor files or on-line databases. BiblioStax lets you search through and select items from the database; or it can automatically create a bibliography based on citations contained in a manuscript.
BiblioStax — only $119. To find out more, call us at (415) 947-1024 or outside California, toll-free at (800) 826-2222. Or write Pro/Tem Software, Inc., 814 Tolman Drive, Stanford, CA 94205.
BiblioStax™ by PRO/TEM®
BiblioStax runs on a Macintosh Plus, SE, or II together with HyperCard 1.2 or higher. A hard disk is strongly recommended. It works with Microsoft Word, and with any other word processor that can read plain (ASCII) text.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

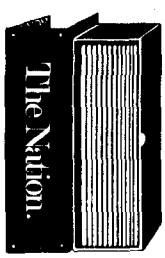
Eleanor Roosevelt's
My Day
Her acclaimed columns 1936-1945



"An ability to laugh at herself, to triumph over personal adversity, and a genuine interest in people are reflected in these columns, to which average Americans then and now can be responsive."
—Publishers Weekly

"Evokes an extraordinary personality at the same time that it recalls stirring scenes of depression and war."
—Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.

Introduction by Martha Gellhorn
16 pages of rare photos/432 pages
PHAROS BOOKS Now at bookstores



SAVE THE NATION

Organize and protect your back copies in Nation cases or binders, covered in red leatherette with a gold Nation logo. 1 case or 1 binder holds 6 months (1 volume) of *The Nation*.

Cases $7.95, 3 for $21.95, 6 for $39.95
Binders $9.95, 3 for $27.95, 6 for $52.95

Mail to: The Nation, Jesse Jones Industries, Dept. N, 499 E. Erie Ave., Philadelphia, PA 19134.

I would like _____ cases; _____ binders.

Enclosed is my check for $_____. Add $1 per unit postage/handling. Outside U.S. $2.50 per unit.

Major credit cards accepted for orders over $15. To charge call toll free 1 (800) 972-5858.

Name _____

Address _____
(NO P.O. BOXES PLEASE)

City _____ State ____ Zip _____

Payment in U.S. funds. PA residents add 6% sales tax. Satisfaction guaranteed.

The Daughters' Journeys

VALERIE MINER

THE JOY LUCK CLUB. *By Amy Tan. Putnam. 288 pp. $18.95.*

SEVENTEEN SYLLABLES AND OTHER STORIES. *By Hisaye Yamamoto. Kitchen Table: Women of Color Press. 134 pp. $19.95. Paper $9.95.*

Amy Tan's *The Joy Luck Club* and Hisaye Yamamoto's *Seventeen Syllables and Other Stories* are the work of first generation (American-born) daughters of immigrant mothers. Tan, who was born in 1952 in Oakland, sets her impressive first novel in northern California. Yamamoto, born in Redondo Beach in 1921, concentrates on the southern California landscape in a collection of fine stories spanning her forty-year literary career.

For the first-generation daughter everything is supposed to be possible in the land of education and affluence and self-expression. She knows her mother wants her to be successful. Yet even as she acquires American privilege, because she speaks a different language or dialect, she is both obeying and betraying her mother. Legacies wash in and out of focus. Sometimes it takes a stranger to point out one's mother's accent, her accent in one's *own* words and attitudes. Time passes. Secrets are revealed: The daughter learns of two more sisters, three more uncles. She becomes conscious of unasked questions. The ache grows deeper. Can she return to a place she has never been? When I finished reading *The Joy Luck Club* and *Seventeen Syllables*, I found myself weeping about the chasm between my own immigrant mother and her lost ancestors and descendants.

The Joy Luck Club is a segmented novel eloquently blending the voices of four Chinese immigrants and their daughters. The mothers become friends, meeting regularly in what they call "the Joy Luck Club" to play mah-jongg, buy stocks and gossip. The novel is narrated horizontally as well as vertically; friendships and rivalries develop among the daughters as well as among the mothers:

> Auntie Lin and my mother were both best friends and arch-enemies who spent a lifetime comparing their children. I was one month older than Waverly Jong, Auntie Lin's prized daughter. From the time we were babies, our mothers compared the creases in our belly buttons, how shapely our earlobes were, how fast we healed when we scraped our knees, how thick and dark our hair was, how many shoes we wore out in one year, and later, how smart Waverly was at playing chess, how many trophies she had won last month, how many newspapers had printed her name, how many cities she had visited.

Tan's book is organized into four chapters—the first relating the separate lives of the mothers; the next two focusing on the daughters' stories; the last returning to the mothers. Tan is a deft, vivacious conductor, evoking spirited individuality as well as harmony.

The mothers bequeath dramas of loss, courage and survival. An-mei Hsu watches her own mother, a concubine, commit suicide. Lindo Jong runs away from a suffocating marriage and emigrates to the U.S. under the pretext of being a theology student. Suyuan Woo escapes the Japanese invasion of Kwelin with two babies on her back. Ying-ying St. Clair is abandoned by a rich husband, goes to live with poor relatives for ten years, then meets a white American visiting China and settles with him in California.

The daughters' journeys—less epically proportioned—also reveal strength and grace. Each of these children of the 1950s has achieved some American success and each has remained close to her difficult mother. We meet Jing-mei Woo at the beginning of the novel, several months after her mother, Suyuan, has died. The three other members of the Joy Luck Club have decided to send Jing-mei to China to find her lost half sisters. Rose Hsu Jordan reflects about the day her brother was drowned; she is coping with a divorce and consulting (foolishly, her mother thinks) a psychiatrist. Waverly Jong, under ambitious maternal management, becomes a chess champion and tax attorney. Lena St. Clair, an architect, is weathering a troubled marriage, living (against her mother's objections) in a refurbished barn.

Throughout *The Joy Luck Club*, Tan tests the distance between expectation and reality. Jing-mei Woo explains, "America was where all my mother's hopes lay.

Valerie Miner's fifth novel, All Good Women *(The Crossing Press), has just appeared in paperback. She teaches at the University of California, Berkeley.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

She had come here in 1949 after losing everything in China: her mother and father, her family home, her first husband, and two daughters, twin baby girls. But she never looked back with regret. There were so many ways for things to get better." But she goes on:

> In the years that followed, I failed her so many times, each time asserting my own will, my right to fall short of expectations. I didn't get straight A's. I didn't become class president. I didn't get into Stanford. I dropped out of college. . . . For unlike my mother, I did not believe I could be anything I wanted to be. I could only be me.

Each of these first-generation daughters is a guardian angel, helping her mother negotiate the baffling San Francisco culture. And the mothers remain loyal to their often-disappointing daughters. The women in each family are held together by pride, embarrassment and longing. They are, indeed, the loves of one another's lives.

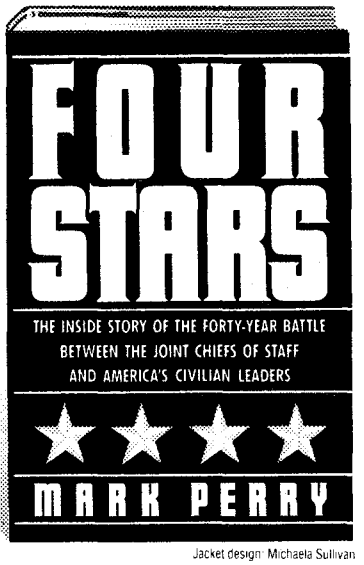
Tan has a remarkable ear for dialogue and dialect, representing the choppy English of the mothers and the sloppy California vernacular of the daughters with sensitive authenticity. These stories are intricately seamed with the provocative questions about language that emerge from bilingual and trilingual homes. In families where verbal exchanges can prove problematic, one sometimes turns to other kinds of oral communication: Tan's cooking scenes are drawn with subtle intensity. "My father hasn't eaten well since my mother died. So I am here, in the kitchen, to cook him dinner. I'm slicing tofu. I've decided to make him a spicy bean-curd dish. My mother used to tell me how hot things restore the spirit and health. But I'm making this mostly because I know my father loves the dish and I know how to cook it. I like the smell of it: ginger, scallions and a red chili sauce that tickles my nose the minute I open the jar."

The segmented structure of *The Joy Luck Club* encourages readers to think simultaneously in different directions. There are some flaws. Several characters, particularly Rose Hsu Jordan and Ying-ying St. Clair, could be more fully developed. Occasionally a device used for narrative effect—such as when Jing-mei Woo asks in the last chapter, at age 36, what her Chinese name means—defies credibility. Generally, however, *The Joy Luck Club* is a stunningly auspicious debut. Tan is a gifted storyteller who reaches across cultures and generations:

Inside Washington —from those who know.

"Superlative...." This is an absolutely riveting, fresh new idea—looking at current events through the eyes of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. Perry has done a superlative job in telling a story that has never been told before."
—SEYMOUR HERSH, author of *The Price of Power*

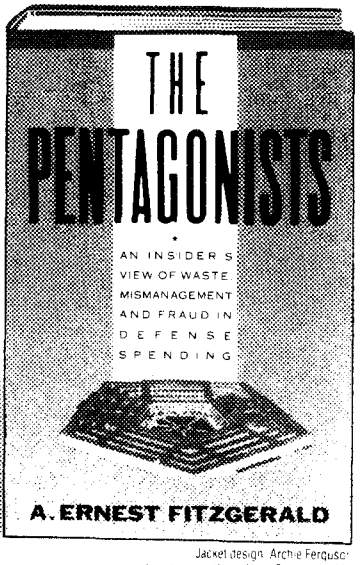
"Mark Perry has demystified one of the most mysterious and misunderstood of America's institutions in a book that combines the rare qualities of readability and credibility."
—STANLEY KARNOW, author of *Vietnam: A History*


FOUR STARS
THE INSIDE STORY OF THE FORTY-YEAR BATTLE BETWEEN THE JOINT CHIEFS OF STAFF AND AMERICA'S CIVILIAN LEADERS
MARK PERRY

Jacket design: Michaela Sullivan

"Fitzgerald showed how the Pentagon made stealing legal." —REP. JOHN DINGELL (D., Michigan)

"As a courageous, outspoken public servant, Fitzgerald has sounded an effective rallying cry for citizens to reassert democratic control of national defense."
—NICK KOTZ, (front page) *Washington Post Book World*



Jacket design: Archie Ferguson
Jacket photo: Wide World Photos 1989

Houghton Mifflin Company
2 Park Street, Boston, Massachusetts 02108
© Houghton Mifflin Company 1989

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Then you must teach my daughter this same lesson. How to lose your innocence but not your hope."

The title piece in Hisaye Yamamoto's *Seventeen Syllables and Other Stories* shows a girl observing her mother's literary ambitions:

> The first Rosie knew that her mother had taken to writing poems was one evening when she finished one and read it aloud for her daughter's approval. It was about cats, and Rosie pretended to understand it thoroughly and appreciate it no end, partly because she hesitated to disillusion her mother about the quantity and quality of Japanese she had learned. . . . See, Rosie, she said, it was a *haiku*, a poem in which she must pack all her meaning into seventeen syllables only, which were divided into three lines of five, seven and five syllables.

Yamamoto's mothers and daughters, like Tan's, are memories and premonitions of one another. Rosie seems to be an all-American girl, flirting with the boy next door, complying obediently and impatiently with her parents' demands. Rosie's understanding of her family grows more complex than she might wish. Eventually her mother confesses that she left behind a lover and a stillborn son in Japan. As an alternative to suicide she became a picture bride. Rosie does not want to know this story any more than she wants to know the content of her mother's poems: "Ume Hanazono, who came to life after the dinner dishes were done, was an earnest, muttering stranger who often neglected speaking when spoken to and stayed busy at the parlor table as late as midnight scribbling with pencil on scratch paper or carefully copying characters on good paper with her fat, pale green Parker."

Seventeen Syllables represents a range of work—memoir, short story, short-short story—written between 1948 and 1987. Many of these pieces were first published in the Japanese-American journal *Rafu Shimpo* as well as in *Partisan Review*, *Harper's Bazaar* and *The Kenyon Review*. Yamamoto writes with distilled realism about ordinary people experiencing romance, racism and family responsibilities. Throughout the book she balances on an optimistic, fey wit.

"Yoneko's Earthquake" is another coming-of-age story set in the southern California countryside. Yoneko and her family live on a farm with a hired Filipino worker, Marpo. Yoneko's father, injured during an earthquake, gets on his daughter's nerves as he recuperates at home. He tells her not to waste sugar by making fudge. He reproves her for painting her nails.

> Mrs. Hosoume immediately came to her defense, saying that in Japan, if she remembered correctly, young girls did the same thing. In fact she remembered having gone to elaborate lengths to tint her fingernails: she used to gather, she said, the petals of the red *tsubobana* or the purple *kogane* (which grows on the underside of stones), grind them well, mix them with some alum powder, then cook the mixture and leave it to stand overnight in an envelope of either persimmon or taro leaves.

The bond between Yoneko and her mother is discreet but strong. Both of them fall in love with Marpo and are deserted by him in different ways. The story ends, as does "Seventeen Syllables," with a revelation about a dead brother and a passionate admonition from mother to daughter.

A distinguishing characteristic of Yamamoto's work is her multicultural casting, and this is especially effective in such stories as "The Brown House," "Wilshire Bus," "The Eskimo Connection" and "Reading and Writing." *Seventeen Syllables* is a book not just about Japanese-Americans but also about Chicanos, blacks, Filipinos, Eskimos and whites of various classes. The collection reflects Yamamoto's rich variety of experiences growing up in California and speaking English as a second language, being interned in Arizona during World War II, reporting for the black weekly *Los Angeles Tribune*, becoming active in Catholic Worker projects in the 1950s and then raising a family with her husband, Anthony De Soto.

Seventeen Syllables was published by a press that may need a note of introduction. Kitchen Table: Women of Color Press, in Latham, New York, has published work from a range of Third World women since 1981. One of their recent titles is the long-anticipated second collection by Mitsuye Yamada, *Desert Run, Poems and Stories*. According to

FROM OUT OF THE BLACK

That afternoon, the world began to hum
With the low moan of everything that mattered.
In the long darkness that a flash had shattered
We waited numbly for the crash to come:
Such sudden light could not illuminate
An after-dark too easy to take lightly,
Memory unknowing what now to await.
In silent white that struck my eyesight dumb,
The winding sheet of lightning wrapped me tightly.
Having retired into silence lately
The thunder rumbled now, till its pogrom
Erupted, and the villages of light
Trembled in terror; strong, I bowed down greatly;
I went mourning all the day long, like Night.

INTO THE BLACK

I was brought forth abroad at night, but not
To tally stars, consider the constellations
Or make the endless, pebbled calculations
Of every point and every half-seen spot;
But, looking up toward what had once been heaven,
To number and tell the spreading fields of dark,
Unharvestable, by which I would mark
The fate of my descendants six or seven
Generations hence, when grains of light
Ablaze in the dark ground of futuring sky
No longer come to life, no longer die
In their own fruitfulness: I have been sent
To found the new house of diminishment,
My growing tribe of emptiness and night.

John Hollander

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the informative introduction and detailed bibliography accompanying *Seventeen Syllables*, Hisaye Yamamoto has a considerable body of work awaiting publication in book form. Perhaps we can look forward to a second collection from her too.

In recent years Asian-American women's lives have grown more visible through fiction by Willyce Kim, Maxine Hong Kingston, Roxanne Lum McCunn, Yoshiko Uchida and others. This year Calyx Books in Corvallis, Oregon, has published a remarkable Asian-American women's anthology, *The Forbidden Stitch*, edited by Shirley Geok-lin Lim and Mayumi Tsutakawa, which celebrates the rich variety of emerging work. As Lim observes, "If we form a thread, the thread is a multi-colored, many-layered, complexly knotted stitch." □

ARCHITECTURE.

JANE HOLTZ KAY

Robert Moses: The Master Builder

Whatever else you may say about New York's master builder—the man who commandeered the bridges and tunnels, the roads, housing, parks and public structures of the four middle decades of the twentieth-century city—the Power Broker who left a legacy of fifteen bridges and a half-dozen beaches (among them Jones Beach), not to mention Lincoln Center, the United Nations and two World's Fairs; the planter of more than two million trees and the displacer of more than 500,000 tenants—one fact remains: Neither the good nor the evil that Robert Moses did has been interred with his bones.

In the past few months of celebrating—observing would be a more neutral word—the centennial of the birth of the man who made the major mark on New York's landscape, it has been clear from the way architects and planners discuss him that the titan is still embattled, not to say alive. At a two-day conference on "Robert Moses' New York" at the Columbia University Graduate School of Architecture, Planning and Preservation in February, several hundred neighborhood advocates, bureaucrats and scholars talked with passion about "Bob," "R.M." and "Mr. Moses."

Small wonder. "You can draw any kind of picture you like on a clean slate and indulge your every whim in the wilderness in laying out a New Delhi, Canberra or Brasilia," Moses once said, "but when you operate in an overbuilt metropolis, you have to hack your way with a meat ax." Meat ax. The words alone are enough to elicit outrage.

But given the current power of community advocacy, the neglected state of the civic realm and the failure to erect or maintain public works from affordable housing to battered bridges, outrage was not the only emotion expressed by his heirs. At the least, some of the officials at the conference looked back in envy. "I sorely miss that boldness," said planning professor Elliott Sclar. A foursome of New York City officials—Sylvia Deutsch, chair of the City Planning Commission; Thomas Downs, president of the Triborough Bridge and Tunnel Authority; Ross Sandler, Transportation Commissioner; and Henry Stern, Parks Commissioner—was loath to condemn the evil outright. They pined for "the ability to get things done" and admired Moses' "governmental genius," in Sandler's words. "Broken waterlines, broken sewers, falling-down bridges, falling-down schools, taking care of an environment that is beyond any one man to control," Downs said ruefully.

"Do we wish Robert Moses had never happened to New York?" architect Hugh Hardy asked in the catalogue to an anniversary exhibition titled "Master Builder or Macho Bully" held at the Municipal Art Society in December. "It's hard to say, when what New York City really needs today is not a master builder but a czar of maintenance powerful enough to rescue its crumbling infrastructure," he wrote.

Some other architectural scorekeepers at the conference tallied the achievement of a "public landscape of enduring utility and visual appeal," in the words of architect Robert A.M. Stern—bathhouses, water towers, bridges. Stern excused Moses' slab-style public housing ("this was not Moses' idea") and indeed the architect's slides showed the quality of the early designs. "He may not quite have been God," Stern went on, "but he was seen everywhere in the details." Nautical wastebaskets, rolling parkways, elegant bridges dominated the slides. The comparisons of Moses' public works with the monuments of English architect Sir Edwin Lutyens and the descriptions of his flair for swimming pools made one long for the second Moses, the Good Moses.

Alas, Moses the Bad, the arrogant, the ruthless, went with the package and, in the two days of panels and audience re-

HOW TO JEOPARDIZE A PERFECTLY GOOD FRIENDSHIP.

Give someone you care about a gift subscription to *The Nation*.

In all likelihood, the recipient will get just as enraged, worked up and aggravated about the issues the magazine covers as our regular subscribers do.

That's because *The Nation* covers those issues with a critical spirit and an independent perspective that set us apart from other publications. Which isn't surprising, since it's written by such original thinkers as Alexander Cockburn, Kirkpatrick Sale and Frances FitzGerald.

And politics isn't all we cover. Our subscribers also enjoy our writing on the arts, which is of such extraordinary clarity and intelligence that it alone is worth the price of a subscription.

So maybe you should give *The Nation* as a gift after all.

Just be sure your relationship can stand it.

The Nation.
Subscribing to our principles isn't enough.

YES! I THINK MY RELATIONSHIP CAN TAKE IT. Please send 24 issues of *The Nation* to the following people at the special gift rate of just $15 for the first gift and $12 for each additional gift. And send a card announcing the subscription(s).

GIFT TO (Please print)
ADDRESS
CITY STATE ZIP
GIFT FROM (Your name)
ADDRESS
CITY STATE ZIP

☐ Enclosed is $_____for_____subscription(s).
☐ Bill me later.

Foreign surface postage: add $7/24 issues, $14/one year. Air Mail rates available upon request. Subscriptions payable in equivalent U.S. funds.

THE NATION
BOX 1953, MARION OH 43305

LD9D4S-X

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sponse, he was most often present. Taped interviews with Moses—a 1975 "CBS Reports" shown at the conference and a fall episode of PBS's *The American Experience*—refreshed memories of the petulant and brutal autocrat.

Overall, the Power Broker who built New York sometimes seemed as much metaphor as public entrepreneur in these sessions. "I never saw Moses able to hold a grudge for more than five minutes," transportation expert Arnold Vollmer said reverentially of his erstwhile colleague. Sure, a half-million tenants were displaced by the master builder, but 800,000 were relocated, Vollmer insisted in a testy speech on "Robert Moses: Working for Democracy." This title sounded like a March of Time makeover, and had its polemical opposite in architecture critic Kenneth Frampton's lofty, Oxonian-accented speech linking Moses to fascism. ("Bob would roll over in his grave," Moses' cousin stage-whispered at this point, in tones loud enough to reach not only the audience but the indefatigable archangel at his new post dismantling the pearly gates.)

"What he did," argued Marshall Berman, professor of political science at the City University of New York, "was to change long-range entropy into immediate catastrophe." Parks Commissioner Henry Stern took Moses' neighborhood destruction in the Bronx as testimony to his anti-Semitism, his "endless virulent scorn for Jews." On the other hand, a Parsons School of Design student rose to endorse progress, early-century style. "I don't want to be here in New York because it's cute and charming," he observed. "I want to be here because it's the center of the world." Moses indeed lives.

The intensity of feelings evoked by Robert Moses was first codified fourteen years ago in Robert Caro's *The Power Broker: Robert Moses and the Fall of New York*. Moses the road builder met his literary match in Caro the demolition expert, and his book was the bible that more than half the conference speakers cited, though sometimes with reservations. Caro had been scheduled to give the keynote speech, but he was detained by an accident in Washington, D.C., according to the conference organizers. His absence was not necessarily bad. Caro might have fueled the debate, but he would also certainly have added to the parochial and bookish quality of the conference's evaluation. For while the polemical fervor of the Moses era was present, distance and perspective were not, and Manhattan, the tight little island, dominated the discourse.

This parochialism often undermined the search for the meaning of Robert Moses and his times. For all his megalomania and the scale of his deeds, Moses and New York were not singular. Other, lesser czars of the auto age also ruled America—Edmund Logue in New Haven, William Callahan in Boston. So did the unremembered czars responsible for the interstate highway system. The bulldozer that swept aside America's urban environments was, as the well-known label puts it, "the Federal bulldozer." Even in terms of pure politics, Moses is only one example of the semiprivate, semipublic authority figure, as Eugene Lewis describes him in *Public Entrepreneurship*, a study of Moses along with J. Edgar Hoover and Admiral Hyman Rickover.

If understanding Moses is essential to examining the way we build, understanding more than Moses is even more essential if we are to learn a more democratic way of doing the job he did so ruthlessly. Blame Moses for the ravishment of the South Bronx and for the highways that blitzed New York City, but also look across the country and ask why New York remains our most urban, most pedestrian-oriented place. (One-third of the nation's public transit riders are New Yorkers.) Blame Moses for building the cookie-cutter public housing slab, but not for Le Corbusier's original model. Finally, blame Moses for accepting the suburban ideal and the notion that the highway is an end in itself, but also blame the rest of us for accepting it then—and accepting it now. Moses was "the great expediter," but he expedited *our* cravings—for cars, for escaping urban neighborhoods and the urban poor. Long after the true golden age of highway building in the 1930s, we predicate our plans on the automobile and let its growth surpass that of the population in some places. Why?

"As I saw one of the loveliest of these buildings being wrecked for the road, I felt a grief that, I can see now, is endemic to modern life," Marshall Berman recalls in *All That is Solid Melts into Air: The Experience of Modernity*, setting the construction of the Cross-Bronx Expressway during his childhood into a larger context. "So often the price of ongoing and expanding modernity is the destruction not merely of 'traditional' and 'pre-modern' institutions and environments but—and here is the real tragedy—of everything most vital and beautiful in the modern world itself. Here in the Bronx, thanks to Robert Moses, the modernity of the urban boulevard was being condemned as obsolete, and blown to pieces, by the modernity of the interstate highways. *Sic transit!* To be modern turned out to be far more problematical, and more perilous, than I had been taught."

To absolve Moses of the charge that his work is satanic is not to pardon the excesses or the man. (In fact, the tendency to praise Moses' lack of personal profit is appalling evidence of the acceptance of the norm of greed in this Age of Trump.) Rather, the centennial reappraisers need to explore the parallels to Moses' projects and the persistence of his vision to this day. The question is: Can the good that was Moses fit into a participatory process? Can we retool Moses' building capacity to do the work

THE BECKETT FESTIVAL OF RADIO PLAYS

Regrets wrong phone number for NPR Cassettes.

CORRECT PHONE NUMBER
(800) 253-0808
or (608) 263-4892

Join The Nation Associates, a group of loyal and committed *Nation* readers who provide invaluable support for the magazine through annual contributions of $20 or more. Membership includes a subscription to "The Nation Associate," a newsletter that tells you what's going on behind the scenes at *The Nation*, and invitations to many *Nation*-sponsored events.

For further information write or call Sandra Zickefoose, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011, (212) 242-8400. Make checks payable to The Nation Associates.

When drafting your will, please consider making a bequest to The Nation Institute.
For information write or call: Denis Berger, Director, The Nation Institute, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011 (212) 242-8400.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the next quarter-century? "Robert Moses did not know when to stop," the PBS documentary concluded. The real issue for this centennial is whether we can empower his remarkable if demonic engine of enterprise to serve a more humane, more intelligent treatment of the landscape. □

MUSIC.

GENE SANTORO

The Bobs
The Neville Brothers

Politics has been making a comeback in music. Nominating Tracy Chapman for the number of Grammies she was up for may be seen as a largely symbolic gesture (she was nominated for six, won three), but it also means she's sold too many albums to be ignored. As the record industry's ongoing attempt to co-opt the streetwise rage that fueled early rap music shows, it knows which side its vinyl is buttered on. This may yet mean that the Bush years, lacking Reagan's unifying presence, will be a time when things around Culture Alley can crack wide open again.

With credits that include a 1985 Grammy nomination of their own and commissioned work for National Public Radio's *Morning Edition* news show, the Bobs may be swinging nine-pound hammers. Based appropriately enough in Berkeley, California, the Bobs—Gunnar Bob Madsen, Matthew Bob Stull, Richard Bob Greene and Janie Bob Scott—are an a cappella quartet whose third album, *Songs for Tomorrow Morning* (Great American Music Hall), runs the musical gamut from gospel and doo-wop to Lambert, Hendricks & Ross vocalese to the Beatles and reggae.

As rock and roll vaudevillians, the Bobs deploy all the weapons of satire—parody, irony, sarcasm, humor and a willingness to fall flat on your face. Best of all, they're good at it, which means that when they're on—which is most of the time on *Songs*—they're scathingly funny rather than sanctimoniously correct.

They touch a lot of social bases. There's a straightforward parody of Tin Pan Alley's Moon-June legacy called "Boy Around the Corner" ("better than the boy next door," explains the lyric). There are sly subversions of yuppie life, like "(First I Was a Hippie, Then I Was a Stockbroker) Now I Am a Hippie Again." "Corn Dogs" laments in nostalgic 3/4 time the glory days before the fitness craze, when "we once ate ice cream and french fries/Now you say that every bit of fat goes straight to your thighs/If you would just enjoy food I'd love you at any size."

There's "Food to Rent," which proposes a novel approach to the worsening problem of hunger: "Even though I may look poor/I rent my food/I'm not a common thief/Oh no/The roast I got is A.O.K./Its former owner had no teeth." There's "Killer Bees": "Insects need no green cards/They fly too low to be picked up on radar/How can you just say 'no' to bugs?/And as they spread their Marxist pollen from flower to flower/They corrupt our pure, All-American bees." There's "Plastic or Paper," about bags and ecology, and "Golly, Ollie!" about a family brought together by North's Congressional hearings: "A brand new form of democracy. . . . at least the kids are asking good questions/Like 'What's the dif between right and wrong?'/I tell them that I still don't know/But isn't it great that we are getting along?"

Clever as they are, the Bobs can sometimes be *too* clever—there's a fine thread of cuteness and apparently unconscious racism that runs through their otherwise winning "The Laundry Cycle," for instance. But with their stunning voices, thoughtful and intricate arrangements and topical sensitivity, the Bobs are the perfect antidote to their fellow a cappella artist and fan Bobby McFerrin's inadvertent anthem for Young Republicans, "Don't Worry, Be Happy."

The Neville Brothers have been sharpening the political and social edges on their party-down funk for years. *Yellow Moon* demonstrates for the umpteenth time that they can take any emotion from happiness to heartbreak to rage and transform it into sounds that force your feet to move. In fact, the album's first single, "Sister Rosa," combines rap and its cousin, Jamaican toasting, with the underlying New Orleans rhythms that have made the Nevilles famous, in order to tell how Rosa Parks's refusal to give up her seat for Jim Crow became a milestone in the civil rights movement in this country.

Longtime heroes in their native Big Easy, the Nevilles illustrate both the rich confluence of sounds in the United States' only truly Caribbean city and the isolation of their town and its music—partly because of racism that has mas-

EVENTS.

PASSOVER PEACE RALLY

Join American Jews calling for Israeli-Palestinian Peace and an end to the occupation.

SUNDAY, APRIL 16

11:30 AM—March from 42nd Street and Fifth Avenue
1 PM—Rally at Dag Hammarskjold Plaza, 47th Street between First and Second Avenues, New York City

For more information, call (212) 727-9280

STRATEGIES FOR CENTRAL AMERICA AND CARIBBEAN SOLIDARITY

With **Holly Sklar, Francisco Cali, Don Rojas, Denis Bernstein, Robert Knight** and many others.

SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 10 AM TO 3 PM

Hunter College, West Building
East 68th Street and Lexington Avenue
New York City

$6 to $15 sliding scale. To register: Learning Alliance (212) 226-7171.

POISON PENS

A muckraker's colloquium

Five distinguished members of the Fourth Estate opine on the future of adversarial journalism in the kinder and gentler era.

Participants: **Alexander Cockburn, Mark Hertsgaard, Christopher Hitchens, Jessica Mitford** and **Robert Scheer.**

MONDAY, APRIL 17, 8 PM

National Press Club Ballroom
529 14th Street, NW
Washington, D.C.

Admission $5. For information, call Chapters Bookstore (202) 861-1333.

THE BERKSHIRE FORUM

MAY 5 TO 7

Ron Daniels and **Mel King** propose next steps in building a powerful independent political movement in the United States.

MAY 12 TO 14

Arthur MacEwen probes economic contradictions, prospects and problems of the world's capitalist, socialist and developing countries.

MAY 19 TO 21

Michael Thelwell chronicles 400 years of American history in terms of the lives of prodigious African-Americans who won't stay deleted.

MAY 26 TO 29
(Memorial Day Weekend)

Sam Anderson surveys present and prospective miracles of science and technology as instruments of liberation or oppression.

For information and reservations write/phone Berkshire Forum, RD1, Stephentown, NY 12168. (518) 733-5497.

SPREAD THE WORD

Reach 85,000 Nation subscribers, with an Event ad, for only $1.50 a word.

Deadline is Wednesday, 26 days before cover date. Mail ads to The Nation Events Dept. or call (212) 242-8400, ext. 22.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LE ROUGE ET LE NOIR!

Nation T-Shirts are available in either le classique red or le basic black. Both T-shirts are 100 percent cotton with white lettering. "The Nation" is printed on the front and "Since 1865" on the back.

$10.95* each, postpaid.

Le Special Discount:
3 or more, $8.95 each

Delivery in two weeks.

Please send me ____ red T-shirts in the following sizes __S, __M, __L, __XL.

Please send me ____ black T-shirts in the following sizes __S, __M, __L, __XL.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State/Zip _____

Send orders to: The Nation, Box RN, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

*New York residents add appropriate sales tax. Foreign orders add 33 percent. Checks/money orders payable to The Nation. 8916

queraded as commercial judgment.

Eldest brother Art Neville, blues-voiced keyboard master and keeper of the second-line-strut flame, first scored as leader of the Hawketts with "Mardi Gras Mambo" in 1955. Aaron, doo-wop lover and owner of the fluttery falsetto yodel that he copped from Gene Autry movies as a kid, hit with the rights anthem "Tell It Like It Is" in 1966. Saxophonist Charles has played behind people as diverse as B.B. King, Bobby "Blue" Bland, George Coleman and Joey Dee and the Starliters of "Peppermint Twist" fame. Baby brother Cyril on vocals and percussion is the reggae-and-rap-loving renegade whose voice takes the lead on "Sister Rosa."

In various combinations and guises—as the Neville Sound, a short-lived family aggregation during the mid-1960s; and as the fabled Meters, whose backbone-slipping funk backed innumerable singers, pumped out slinky instrumental albums and opened for the likes of the Rolling Stones on tour—the Nevilles have been doing it to death for a long time. But despite their credentials, despite the enthusiasm their music generates wherever they play, despite the way record industry a&r people keep signing them, the Neville Brothers' albums are uneven, marred by bad production and attempts to put them onto that fabled golden road, the mainstream.

Produced by Brian Eno's sidekick, Daniel Lanois, *Yellow Moon* sounds a bit like New Orleans relocated to the Mountains of the Moon. Spacey electronic textures weave in and out of the unstoppable whipsaw rhythms on the uptempo tunes and provide accompanying atmospherics for the ballads. Aided and abetted by longtime sidemen Brian Stoltz on guitar, Willie Green on drums and Tony Hall, new on bass, the Nevilles wrap their unearthly, unparalleled harmonies around some of the most down-to-it tunes they've ever penned or covered.

Among them: "My Blood," a bitingly succinct, funky survey of Euro-American racism and imperialism; Bob Dylan's acerbic "With God on Our Side" and down-home-bluesy "The Ballad of Hollis Brown"; Sam Cooke's poignant antiracist plea, "A Change Is Gonna Come"; that freedom movement stalwart, transformed simultaneously into a family saga, "Will the Circle Be Unbroken"; and a deep-grooving warning against nuclear apocalypse, "Wake Up." With a soundtrack this good, the revolution won't have to be televised. □

CLASSIFIED.

While we reserve the right to refuse any advertisement we believe to be fraudulent, illegal or offensive, The Nation *wishes its readers to know: we don't have the facilities to check the promises made by our advertisers, and we have a strong presumption against censoring any advertisement, especially if we disagree with its politics.*

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

FIVE-ROOM, Washington Square Village, terrace, June-August. $1,000/month. Call (212) 982-8388.

APARTMENTS DESIRED

ARTIST/NATION EMPLOYEE seeks living/workspace in the New York City area under $475. Please call Carlos at (212) 242-8400.

NATION WORKER seeks apartment or share in Brooklyn or Manhattan, $400 to $500 a month. Call Sandy McCrosky Monday-Thursday 11 a.m. to late evening at (212) 242-8400, or Friday-Sunday (718) 855-0441.

WANTED: Small studio apartment or apartment share in Manhattan for use 2 weekends per month by academic/journalist couple temporarily based in New Haven. (202) 624-0331.

BOOKS

CATHOLIC CHURCH AND THE SEX PROBLEM. Joseph McCabe's insightful historical analysis. Paper $4 ppd. Independent Publications, Box 102, Ridgefield, NJ 07657.

HATE VERMONT? Kill time with rare and used books. Lilac Hedge Bookshop, opposite inn. Norwich, Vermont.

USED & ANTIQUARIAN BOOKS – HISTORICAL & ART PRINTS
...are what I sell. To receive my free book and print price lists and catalogues, send your name and address to . . .
Woodbridge Brown, PO Box 445, Turners Falls, MA 01376

BOOKLETS

SCHOLARLY REBUTTAL to Reuchlin Foundation's bizarre anti-Semitic attack on Josephus and the "illegitimate" Jew Jesus. $5. Send SASE: Chachom, PO Box 5217-N, Massena, NY 13662.

SCHOLARLY BOOKLET PROVES JESUS NEVER EXISTED!

Conclusive proof Flavius Josephus created fictional Jesus, authored Gospels. AMAZING but **ABSOLUTELY INCONTROVERTIBLE!** Send $5 to Abelard Reuchlin Foundation, Box 5652-B, Kent WA 98064. For details please send SASE

BOOK SEARCH SERVICE

Wm CAXTON BOOK SEARCH, Box 709, Sister Bay, WI 54234. Send your phone and address with wants. (414) 854-2955.

STILL LOOKING FOR A BOOK? Free search. Sperling Books, Box 1766A, Madison Square Station, New York, NY 10159.

CASSETTES

EDWARD SAID/MERON BENVENISTI. *Two Views of the Israeli-Palestinian Conflict.* Tapes of this *Nation*/New School event are now available. Each 2-tape set is $20. Send check or money order payable to The Nation Institute to: "Two Views," The Nation Institute, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COMPUTERS

LONG-TIME *NATION* EMPLOYEE, now computer consultant, is selling IBM-compatible computers and providing computer training and support to *Nation* readers in the New York City area. Special rates for nonprofit organizations and those on low incomes. Call Mark Rausher at Present Day Products (718) 934-2861.

COUNSELING

WOMAN PSYCHOTHERAPIST, 20+ years experience, Ph.D. in clinical psychology. Insight-oriented and analytic. Crisis intervention; short-term; long-term intensive psychoanalytic approach. Free consultation. Sliding scale. Carnegie Hall vicinity, New York City. (212) 582-5508.

PERSONAL PROBLEMS? Caring, mature, experienced clinical psychotherapist will help resolve them. Short-term treatment where possible. Sliding scale. East midtown (212) 466-6775; Nassau (516) 484-1249.

EDUCATION

CASA NICARAGÜENSE DE ESPAÑOL

All Nicaragua is a school!

A SPANISH LANGUAGE, POLITICAL AND CULTURAL STUDY CENTER IN MANAGUA, NICARAGUA

Study Spanish While You Learn About the Nicaraguan Revolution First Hand!

CASA NICARAGÜENSE DE ESPAÑOL

Offers you the Opportunity to:

- Study Spanish four hours daily at all levels.
- Live with a Nicaraguan family.
- Meet with representatives from revolutionary organizations.
- Travel to different regions of Nicaragua.

For further information, please send self-addressed stamped envelope to:

2330 W. THIRD ST., Ste. 4,
LOS ANGELES, CA 90057
(213) 386-8077

YEAR-ROUND 2-8 WEEK SESSIONS

NONRESIDENT UNIVERSITY DEGREES. Bachelor's, Master's, Doctorates. Accredited, inexpensive, fast. Credit for life experience. Free 16-page booklet. Dr. John Bear, Box 7070-150, Berkeley, CA 94707.

WORLDWIDE EDUCATION

The Institute for International Cooperation and Development's 1989-90 Global Education courses include travel, study and solidarity work in: CENTRAL AMERICA & the CARIBBEAN, CHINA & the PHILIPPINES, SOUTH AMERICA, the USA and the SOVIET UNION. Solidarity courses in MOZAMBIQUE and NICARAGUA begin in April and June '89

2 months preparation: group-building, language, history, politics, documentation and skill training
5 months travel, study and work;
2 months public education in the USA

For free brochure: IICD
P.O. Box 1063, Amherst, MA
01004 Tel. 413/268-9229

EDUCATION

SPEAK SPANISH. Total immersion program. Established 1960. Cuernavaca Language School. Apdo. 4-254, 62430 Cuernavaca, Mexico. Telephone: (73) 15-46-43.

FRANCAIS INTENSIF in Paris or southern France. Courses in small groups, all levels. Also workshops (theater, yoga . . .). Langue Onze, 15 Rue Gambay, 75011, Paris, France, tel. 43.48.22.87

LEARN SPANISH IN GUATEMALA. Individualized instruction, 5 hours daily, family living, seminars, excursions. Casa, Box 11264, Milwaukee, WI 53211. (414) 372-5570.

INSTITUTE FOR SOCIAL ECOLOGY 1989 SUMMER PROGRAM. College credit, M.A. Study Option available. STUDY: Appropriate Technology and Design, Bioregional Agriculture, Communities, Community Health, Eco-Feminism, Ecological Anthropology, Ecology and Spirituality, Nature Philosophy, Wilderness Studies, and Women in Community Development. FACULTY INCLUDES: Margot Adler, Murray Bookchin, Daniel Chodorkoff, Peter Barry Chowka, Dave Dellinger, Ynestra King, John Mohawk, Grace Paley, Jan Peterson and others. For more information, call (802) 454-8493 or write Institute For Social Ecology, PO Box 89, Dept. N, Plainfield, VT 05667.

GAMES & PUZZLES

THE NATION'S BEST Puzzles! Book 5 of these British-style crosswords, $5.50 postpaid. Write E.S. Lewis, 32 Pembroke Avenue, Acushnet MA 02743.

HEALTH

FINGERNAIL FUNGUS? Inexpensive, natural treatment. Money-back guarantee. Send $10 to: HMC, PO Box 458-AD, Milltown, NJ 08850.

MERCHANDISE

GOVERNMENT SEIZED vehicles from $100. Fords. Mercedes. Corvettes. Chevys. Surplus. Buyers Guide. 1-(805) 687-6000, Ext. S-3596.

I'M PROUD TO BE AN AMERICAN
LIBERAL
$2 B-STICKER
KD SIGNS
BOX 20610-N
OAKLAND CA
94620

DEVA Cotton Clothes

For men & women. . . tops, pants, jackets, nightwear —and much more. Hand crafted in 22 colors. Send $1 for catalogue & fabric samples.
DEVA, a cottage industry
Box NTD9, Burkittsville, MD 21718
Call 1-800-222-8024

NATION CASES AND BINDERS

Organize and protect your back issues of *The Nation*. Both cases and binders are covered in an attractive dark red leatherette with a gold *Nation* logo. 1 case or binder holds 6 months (1 volume).

Cases $7.95, 3 for $21.95, 6 for $39.95.
Binders $9.95, 3 for $27.95, 6 for $52.95.
Add $1 per unit for postage/handling.

Send order to: The Nation, Jesse Jones Industries, Dept N
499 E. Erie Ave., Philadelphia, PA 19134
Major credit cards accepted for orders over $15
To charge call 1-(800) 972-5858

Allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery.

Foreign orders add $2.50/unit. Payment in U.S. currency.
Pa. residents add 6% sales tax.

MISCELLANEOUS

RUSSIAN TYPEWRITERS, Brand new Erika portable, $225. Also, English and other language typewriters. Russian language instruction. Jacob Sachs, 251 West 98th Street, New York, NY 10025. (212) 222-6683.

INTERNATIONAL DEBTORS' PRISON cripples the economies of the developing nations and curtails services to the poor, resulting in many deaths. The World Bank (IMF) should assume the loans by paying them with SDR and have the developing nations pay the principal alone. There should be no interest payments, for surely the World Bank should assume its responsibility in crucial times with crucial measures to prevent further catastrophe and to foster economic growth. —WMF

ORGANIZATIONS

NATIONAL WRITERS UNION. Collective bargaining. Grievance procedures. Health insurance. Journalists, authors, poets, commercial writers. National Writers Union, Box C, 13 Astor Place, New York, NY 10003.

PERSONALS

PERSONALS ADVERTISERS

A Nation Box number and weekly forwarding service is available for a one-time $10 charge added to the cost of your classified ad.

CONCERNED SINGLES NEWSLETTER

links compatible singles concerned about peace, justice, environment. Nationwide. All ages. Since 1984. Free sample: Box 555-A, Stockbridge, MA 01262.

MALE looking for attractive woman, 62+, 5'6", socializing, traveling, cultural, New Jersey or Florida. (201) 471-6027.

SWM, 29, invites attractive female, any race, to escape rat race and join me on my ranch in South Dakota. Nation Box 521.

NYC WOMAN, 36, loves laughter, long walks, movies, Sweeney Todd, Victorian novels, Lester Young. Nation Box 522.

WASHINGTON, D.C., WOMAN WITH SPARKLE. 5'8", attractive, slender, idealistic, adventurous, nurturing, playful/pensive, single parent (13-year-old son), Jewish but not a JAP or the Zionistic type, seeks honest, vibrant man, 35-45, who enjoys canoeing, ballroom dancing, laughter, independence and interdependence, is not a "commitmentphobe" or workaholic and is ready for romance seasoned with mutual respect. Photo is welcomed. PO Box 13332, Silver Spring, MD 20911.

STRIKING, FIT, FUNNY, SFW, 30s, left, academic, writer/poet, rower—seeks tall, brilliant, chiseled counterpart. Letter/photo. POB 1196, Cambridge, MA 02142.

PROGRESSIVE BLACK WOMAN, attractive, young, warm and caring with great career and humor. Seeks same qualities in man. Nation Box 523.

If responding to a Nation Box number send replies to: Nation Box _____, The Nation, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

POSITIONS AVAILABLE

COMMUNITY JOBS, socially responsible jobs and internships. Subscribe to the only nationwide newspaper listing, covering lobbying, organizing, environment, disarmament and more. $12/6 issues. COMMUNITY JOBS, Box 1205N, 1516 P Street NW, Washington, DC 20005.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED.

POSITIONS AVAILABLE

GOVERNMENT JOBS $16,040-$59,230/year. Now hiring. (805) 687-6000 Ext. R-3596 for current Federal list.

SUMMER STAFF, ADULT/YOUNG ADULT (16+) for progressive Conference/Vacation Center. World Fellowship, Conway, NH 03818. (603) 356-5208.

ACTIVIST CAMPAIGN. Voter Revolt, California's leading citizen group that beat a $70 million insurance-industry campaign and passed the Ralph Nader-backed insurance reform, Prop. 103, has organizing positions available. Defend 103 and help build for future campaigns to protect citizens against corporate abuse. $15,000-$24,000, plus health. Summer jobs also, $225-$350/week. Voter Revolt, 3325 Wilshire Boulevard, #550, Los Angeles, CA 90010. (213) 383-9618.

Fight Apartheid!
Support Nicaragua!

Engineers, Technicians, Computer and Health Professionals, Skilled Tradespersons, Translators, Mechanics, Educators are urgently needed for both short and long term positions in Nicaragua and with the ANC, SWAPO, and Frontline States. Contact:

TECNICA Dept. N, 3254 Adeline Street, Berkeley, CA 94703 (415) 655-3838

GENERAL MANAGER wanted for award-winning community newspaper. Strong business, administrative and budgeting skills. Publication experience preferred. Enthusiastic, collaborative workplace with generous benefits (including parental leave). Minorities, women encouraged to apply. Send résumé to Business Department, NH Independent, PO Box 9734, New Haven, CT 06536.

SCREEN AND TELEVISION UNION seeks field representative for New York City to handle grievances, bargaining and organizing activities in the radio and television news area. Prior experience required. Salary dependent on experience. Excellent benefits. Please send résumé to: Mona Mangan, Executive Director, Writers Guild of America, East, Inc., 555 West 57th Street, New York, NY 10019.

CHILDREN'S PROGRAM COORDINATOR. MADRE, a national organization in support of women and children in Central America and the Caribbean, is accepting applications for this position. Multifaceted program; must be organized, creative, have initiative and be able to work with a broad constituency. Salary $23,000 plus benefits. Send résumé and references to: MADRE, Personnel Committee, 121 West 27th Street, #301, New York, NY 10001. MADRE is an Affirmative Action Employer.

POSITIONS AVAILABLE

ADMINISTRATIVE DIRECTOR. FAIR, the national media watch group, has immediate opening for individual with minimum 2 years administrative experience to oversee business operations, office and financial management. Computer experience helpful. $20,000/year plus benefits. (212) 633-6700.

WORK IN NICARAGUA. Architects and Planners in Support of Nicaragua are seeking volunteers for Technical Assistance positions. Architects, planners, computer personnel, engineers, hydrologists, carpenters, masons, mechanics, electricians, medical personnel, English teachers , and others are encouraged to apply. Call (213) 455-1340; write APSNICA, P.O. Box 1151, Topanga, CA

WANTED: Student representatives to help spread the word about *The Nation*, sell subscriptions and earn extra cash. For more information call or write: Jay Pearsall, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011 (212) 242-8400.

ORGANIZER (HALF TIME) wanted by NYC Democratic Socialists of America. Duties include office administration, volunteer coordination and assisting issue-area task forces. Salary $500–$700 per month plus health insurance. Send applications to NYC DSA, 15 Dutch Street, New York, NY 10038.

EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR. MADRE, a national organization in support of women and children in Central America and the Caribbean, is accepting applications for this position. Send résumé and references to: MADRE, Personnel Committee, 121 West 27th Street, Room 301, New York, NY 10001. MADRE is an Affirmative Action Employer.

PUBLICATIONS

TECHNOCRACY-TECHNOLOGICAL SOCIAL DESIGN available for $2 from Technocracy Inc., Continental Headquarters, Savannah, OH 44874.

LEFT BUSINESS OBSERVER—a monthly newsletter on economics and politics worldwide. "A salutary antidote to the economic mush in mainstream periodicals."—Alexander Cockburn. One year $18. 3-issue trial $6. Left Business Observer (Dept. N), 250 West 85th Street, New York, NY 10024.

PROGRESSIVE PERIODICALS DIRECTORY just published! Reviews/details on 600 periodicals—peace, environment, labor, culture, international, organizing, etc. Networking, publicity, subscription information. $8. Box N-120574, Nashville, TN 37212.

PUBLICATIONS

THE PEOPLE. Marxist biweekly. Since 1891. 4 months/$1. 1 year/$4. The People (N), PO Box 50218, Palo Alto, CA 94303.

NEW CONGRESSIONAL DIRECTORY, other government reference books. For information write: Federal Reprints, Box 70268, Washington, DC 20024.

THIRD WORLD MAGAZINE. The world from a Third World perspective. A bimonthly magazine covering politics, the economy, the enviroment and culture. "A progressive version of *Time* or *Newsweek*," – *World Rivers Review.*

☐ One year (six issues) US$ 9
☐ Two years (12 issues) US$ 15
☐ Please send a free sample copy.

Third World, Rua da Glória, 122, gr.105
20241 Rio de Janeiro, RJ, Brazil

REMEMBERING CAREY McWILLIAMS

100 Years of *The Nation*. Former editor Carey McWilliams summarizes and evaluates *The Nation*'s history at the 100-year point. Reprinted from *Journalism Quarterly* (1965), this concise essay is available again. An invaluable introduction and complement to the historic 120th Anniversary Issue.

On The Nixon Within Us. Cartoonist Jules Feiffer's eloquent essay honoring Carey McWilliams's gadfly journalism in an age of Nixonian valuelessness.

These two *Nation* special reprints are available as one package for $3 per set. Send check or money order to: McWilliams Reprints, The Nation, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

SMALL TOWN, the voice of small town America. Articles on planning, preservation, attracting industry, housing, shopping malls, central business district improvement and other matters of interest to small communities. Individual membership in The Small Town Institute, $30. Box 517, Ellensburg, WA 98926. Just out, "Promoting the Arts in Small Communities," $6 Special prices for bulk orders.

FOOTNOTE ON AN HISTORIC CASE: IN RE ALGER HISS. William A. Reuben identifies 114 errors in the Federal District Court of New York's 1982 decision upholding Hiss's conviction for perjury in 1950. This flawed decision, upheld by the U.S. Supreme Court in 1983, stands as the last legal word on one of the most celebrated cases in modern history. 1 copy $5, 10 copies $40. Make check/money order payable to The Nation Institute and send to: "Hiss," The Nation, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

REAL ESTATE

GOVERNMENT HOMES from $1 (U repair). Delinquent tax property. Repossessions. Call 1-(805) 687-6000 Ext. GH-3596 for current repo list.

SUMMER CAMPS

THIS SUMMER your child can have the experience of a lifetime camping with children from all over the world! For more information about how your 10- to 13-year-old can attend Kalinin International Camp in the German Democratic Republic, please write or call: Anniversary Tours, Inc. 330 Seventh Avenue, Suite 1700, New York, NY 10001. (212) 465-1200 or toll-free out of New York state 1-(800) 223-1336. Program dates: June 30-July 23, 1989. Cost: $1,700.

SUMMER RENTALS

SAG HARBOR. Rent 18th-century saltbox cottage in Sag Harbor's historic district for 2-3 weeks in August. Sloping floors, cats, gardens, hammock, pond view. Walk to town, bike to bay and ocean beaches. Call (516) 725-0257 Fridays through Mondays.

CLASSIFIED ORDER FORM

Rates $1.50 per word, 15-word minimum; telephone and POB numbers count as two words, abbreviations and zip codes as one. Classified Display $60 per column inch.

Deadline Wednesday, 26 days prior to Monday issue date.

Discounts Pay for 3 runs, get 1 more free. Pay for 7 runs, 3 more free. Pay for 15 runs, 10 more free.

To THE NATION
Classified Department
72 Fifth Avenue, N.Y., NY 10011

Enclosed is my check for $_____ for _____ weeks, plus _____ weeks free.

Advertiser _____

Address _____ City _____

State _____ Zip _____ Phone _____

Attach ad, typewritten if possible.

Payment must accompany order. **Payment in U.S. currency.**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRAVEL

STUDY/WORK/LIVE OVERSEAS! Plan your own overseas adventures with Transitions Abroad, Box 344-3056, Amherst, MA 01004. $15 subscription includes four issues, 11-year index, Educational Travel Directory, Guide to Living Overseas.

NICARAGUA. Join our 8-day, people-to-people delegation for an experience you'll never forget. Leaving Los Angeles or meet us in Mexico City. Write for schedule. Office of the Americas, 1227 4th Street, Santa Monica, CA 90401. (213) 451-2428.

PEACE AND FRIENDSHIP TOUR of Australia and New Zealand this August. Brochure: Phil Zwerling, 2936 W. 8th Street, Los Angeles, CA 90005.

SUMMER 1989 REALITY TOURS TO THE THIRD WORLD. Haiti, Honduras-Nicaragua, Brazil, Southern Africa. Write: Global Exchange, 2940 16th Street, #307 San Francisco, CA 94103.

T-SHIRTS

FASHION CONSCIOUS or fashion conscience, wearing a *Nation* T-shirt makes a statement. Red or black with white lettering, "The Nation" is printed on the front and "since 1865" on the back. All cotton, S,M,L and XL. $10.95 each, including UPS delivery. (New York residents add sales tax.) Mail check or money order to The Nation, Fashion Mart, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

VACATIONS

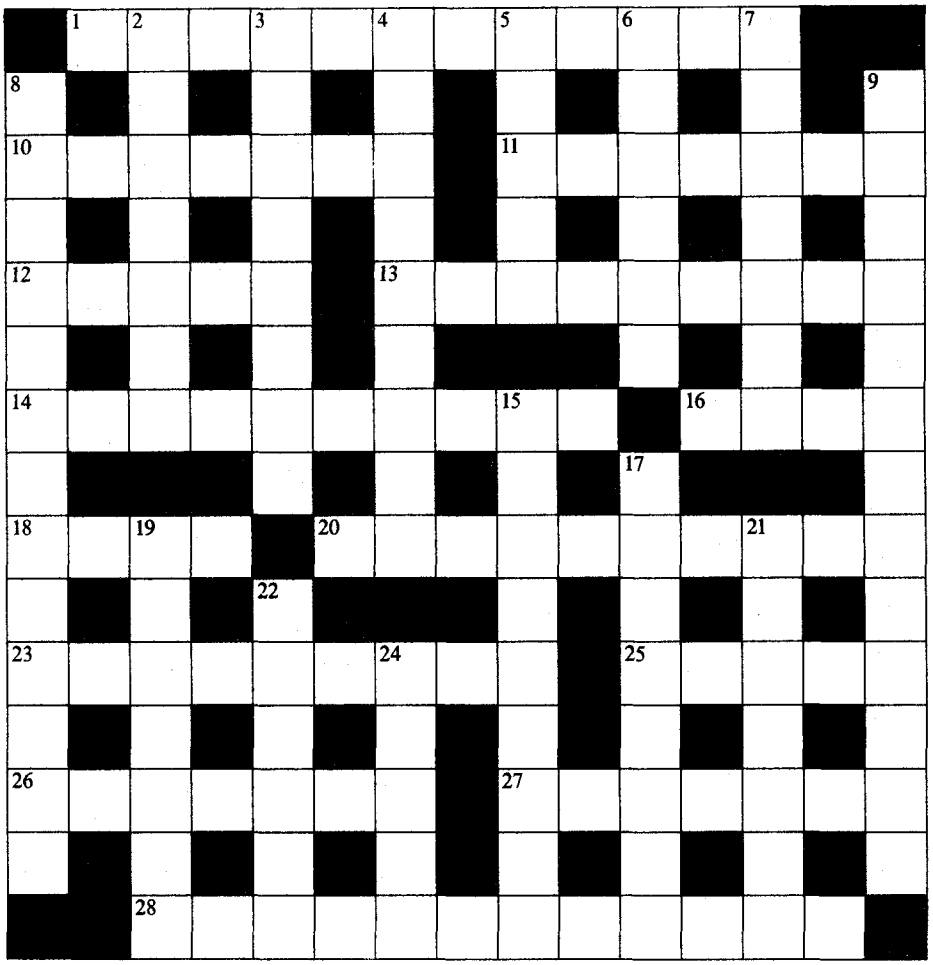
CUERNAVACA, MEXICO: vacations, Spanish study, sabbaticals. Apartment rentals: Hawkins Properties, 4308 Lambeth, Fort Worth, Texas, 76103 (817) 534-4925.

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 2238

N	A	P	O	L	E	O	N	I	C	C	O	D	E	
A		A		A		S		N		L		O		A
R	E	S	I	S	T	S		G	O	A	H	E	A	D
R		S		T		A		O		S		S		E
A	M	A	N	D	A		F	O	R	S	A	K	E	N
T		G		I		W		D				I		
I		E	X	T	R	A	C	T		O	U	N	C	E
V				C		I		I		U				A
E	A	R	T	H		T	E	M	P	T	E	D		R
		E				A		E		W		O		L
P	A	L	A	M	I	N	O		L	E	E	W	A	Y
O		E		I		D		O		I		N		M
E	L	A	P	S	E	S		B	U	G	A	B	O	O
M		S		E		E		O		H		O		R
	G	E	O	R	G	E	G	E	R	S	H	W	I	N

Crossword Puzzle No. 2239

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 As they say, 22 and 24 down no matter how you slice it? (1,5,2,4)
10 You might find even it a rather childish quality. (7)
11 Entering—but no farther than this? The satin sofa really shows signs of it. (7)
12 Search around a place frequently visited by a ghost down south? (5)
13 Has left on the sort that makes prints, perhaps. (4-5)
14 Supportive—but just there in case of emergency? (8,2)
18 and 16 The abbreviated state attributed to Mr. Whittington? (A large and colorless example of literary fame.) (4-4)
20 More than cold, being from the Orient! (7,3)
23 Evidently things like pintos can be heard to show what Jack went up. (9)
25 String good fortune together, like the old composer. (5)
26 Part of a regular clam picnic—though some make light of it. (3,4)
27 I get such a long way behind time, put in quarantine! (7)
28 The first ingredient in the traditional plot—merely bigots making such. (3,5,4)

DOWN

2 Classically, the first flower of spring. (7)
3 Does it go in and out smoothly—especially late in the day? (8)
4 In Naples, the twisted trunks of them can send out a stream of water. (9)
5 Gathered at the edge of what might be a loud-sounding river. (5)
6 Like matching collections, these should prove valuable. (6)
7 Chopped up fine, and also fed by someone called this in the eastern Mediterranean. (7)
8 Port and starboard lights are usually found this way, where troubles are common. (2,3,4,4)
9 Would a commonly talked-of monkey have them on hand? (They should be both offensive and illegal.) (5,8)
15 Not the names mentioned in a white paper, though one could get it back still. (9)
17 Monotonous intonation, though many vocalists can do it well. (8)
19 Sounds "a little smoky" to carry a pitcher from Chicago, perhaps. (4,3)
21 A dirty song—or just what the boys in the smoke-filled room have to put up with? (4,3)
22 and 24 Just a simple custard implied, by comparison? (2,4,2,3)

PUZZLED?

No more cross words. Find out why "little skipper" is a "truant." Send for a free copy of Frank W. Lewis's Ground Rules to *The Nation*, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Sound of Great Ideas!®

The actual voices of... Alistair Cooke • W. H. Auden • Otto Bettman • Carl Rogers • Arthur Schlesinger • Carlos Castaneda • Noam Chomsky • Jacques Barzun • Martin Luther King, Jr. • Buckminster Fuller . . . and many others.

HEAR what these provocative thinkers have to say about self-discovery, the quality of life, the nature of the creative mind, changes taking place in the world today, and what you can do to bring about change.

There's a difference in **hearing** new ideas rather than simply reading them. The author is able to provide his or her unique emphases in ways impossible to accomplish in print. Pauses and tonal changes become meaning and create insights and increased understanding.

And audio cassettes provide a medium for learning experiences that can be shared simultaneously with someone else, thus encouraging immediate discussion and interaction.

Today's audio cassettes capture the inflections, nuances and flavor of the original speaker, and let you hear them over and over while driving, cooking, jogging, etc. Since some of these voices will never be heard again, here's your opportunity to savor the sound of great ideas that have shaped today's world, and to own these cassettes for your library.

From the more than 4,000 titles in the prestigious Audio-Forum Library, we have selected 26 extraordinary recordings. Imagine hearing these dynamic personalities in the intimacy of your own home! The regular price per cassette is $13.95. **But now for the special price of $9.95 you have the opportunity to listen whenever and wherever you choose. PLUS for every 3 cassettes you buy, we'll send you a cassette of your choice FREE!**

"The Sound of Great Ideas" from **Audio-Forum.** Room C449, Guilford, CT 06437 (203) 453-9794.

The 26 audio cassettes listed here were chosen by a panel of experts who were asked to select only tapes which would be timely and relevant. Each has passed the simple test of genuine interest: "Would you want to listen to this tape again?"

HEAR these famous speakers:

- **A** **History Maker—Charles Darwin:** *Dramatized Biography* (65 min.)
- **B** **W.H. Auden:** *The Poetry of W.H. Auden* (59 min.)
- **C** **Jacques Barzun:** *Present Day Thoughts on Quality of Life* (31 min.)
- **D** **Jack Benny:** *Jack Benny Looking Back* (38 min.)
- **E** **Bruno Bettelheim:** *Man's Identity in a Mass Society* (48 min.)
- **F** **Otto Bettman:** *The Good Old Days: They Were Terrible* (55 min.)
- **G** **Peter Breggin:** *Raising Free and Happy Children* (61 min.)
- **H** **Jacob Bronowski:** *The Ascent of Man* (55 min.)
- **I** **Carlos Castaneda:** *Don Juan: The Sorcerer* (38 min.)
- **J** **Noam Chomsky:** *Government in the Future* (57 min.)
- **K** **Alistair Cooke:** *America: An Outside View* (55 min.)
- **L** **Ludwig von Mises:** *Why Socialism Always Fails* (86 min.)
- **M** **Erich Fromm:** *To Have or to Be: The Nature of the Psyche* (56 min.)
- **N** **Buckminster Fuller:** *Twentieth Century Renaissance* (55 min.)
- **O** **Barry Goldwater:** *Conscience of a Conservative* (58 min.)
- **P** **S.I. Hayakawa:** *Language: Key to Human Understanding* (50 min.)
- **Q** **Martin Luther King, Jr.:** *Causes of Prejudice* (22 min.)
- **R** **Groucho Marx:** *Fast Mind, Faster Mouth* (60 min.)
- **S** **O. Hobart Mowrer:** *How to Talk About Your Troubles* (37 min.)
- **T** **Linus Pauling:** *The Scientist: Researcher or World Citizen?* (26 min.)
- **U** **Carl Rogers:** *Toward a Science of the Person* (65 min.)
- **V** **Arthur Schlesinger:** *The Imperial Presidency* (56 min.)
- **W** **Idries Shah:** *Framework for New Knowledge* (44 min.)
- **X** **B.F. Skinner:** *Behaviorism at Fifty* (60 min.)
- **Y** **A. Szent-Gyorgyi:** *Misplaced Ideas on Democracy* (25 min.)
- **Z** **R. Ornstein & D. Galin:** *Our Two Brains: Rational & Intuitive* (56 min.)

I understand that for every 3 cassettes I order, I will get one FREE!

Please send me the following selections at $9.95 each plus $1.00 shipping charge for the first tape, and .50 for each additional tape.
(CT residents add sales tax.)

For every 3 tapes paid for, I have selected a free one.

My selections: ◯◯◯ ◯◯◯

My free selection: ◯ ◯

☐ I am enclosing $1 for your Audio Catalog.

☐ Here is my cassette order; please send Audio Catalog free.

NAME (Print)

ADDRESS, APT #

CITY, STATE, ZIP

SIGNATURE

Total amount of order: $ _____
(Including tax and shipping.)

☐ Check enclosed ☐ American Express
☐ MasterCard ☐ VISA
☐ Diners Club Expiration Date: _____

Card # _____

MAIL TO: **AUDIO-FORUM®**
Room C449, 96 Broad St.,
Guilford, CT 06437 (203) 453-9794

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED